July 17, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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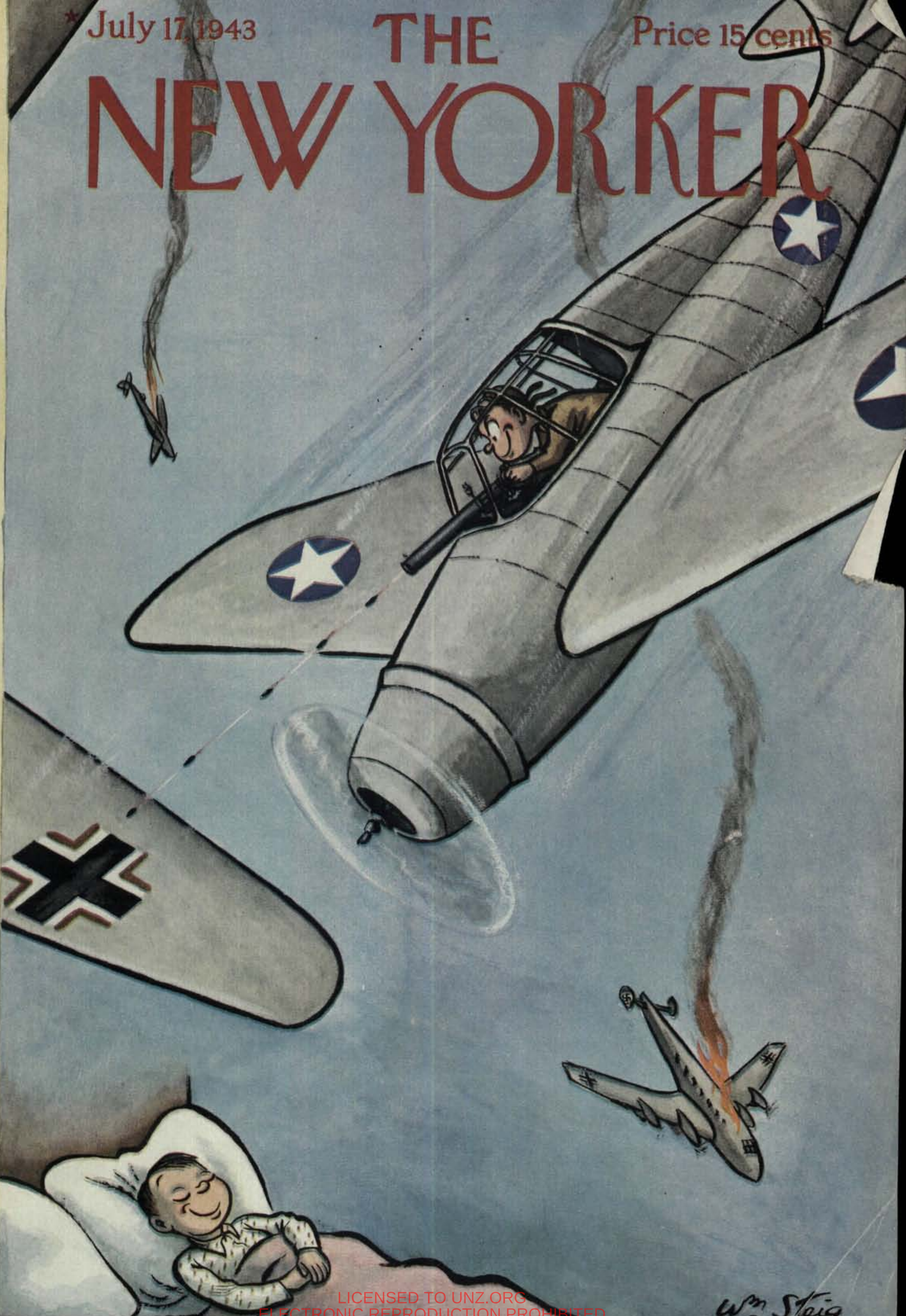

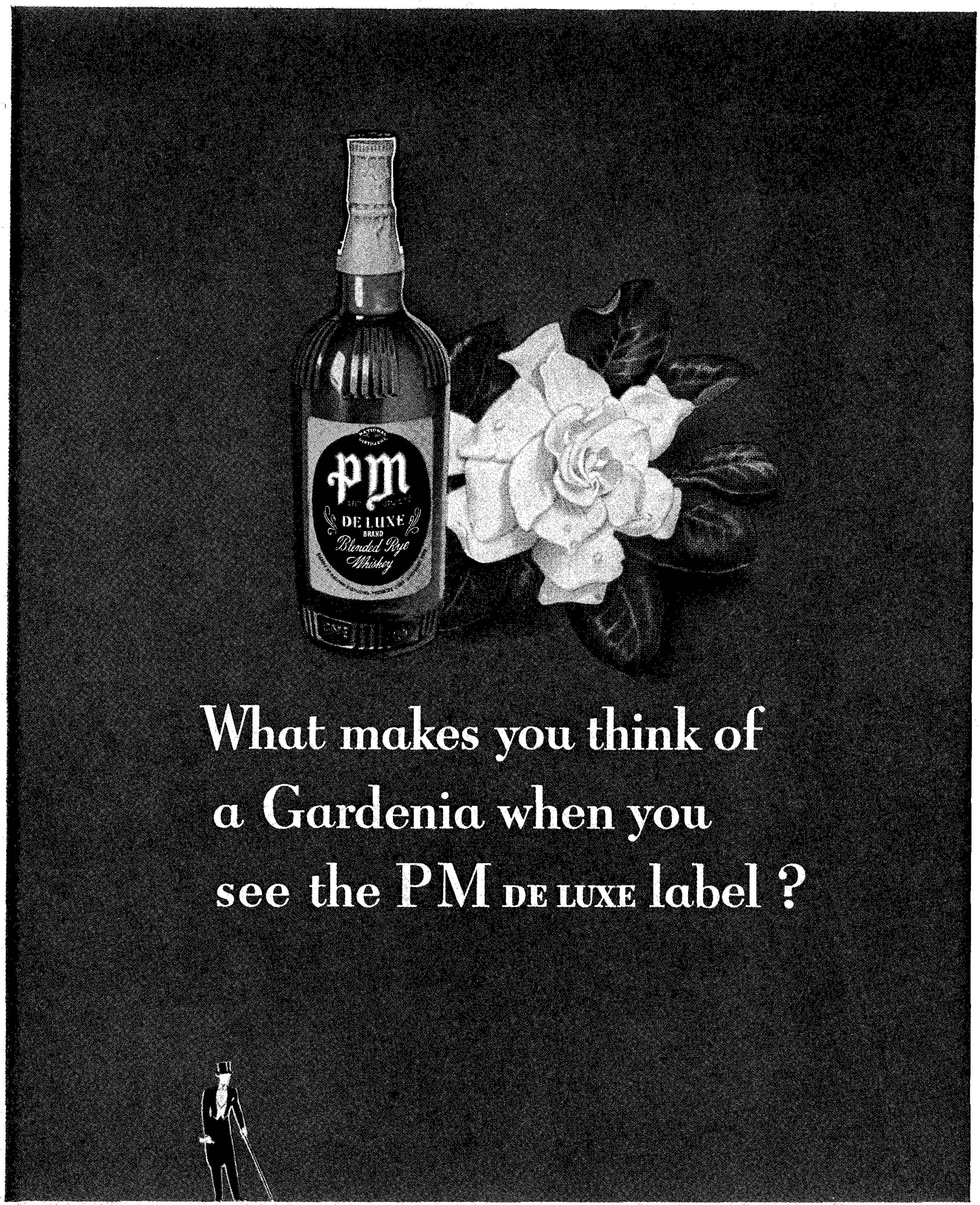
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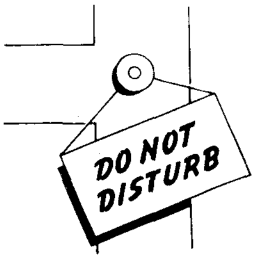

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Probably you'll enjoy this piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Elena Miramova and Tamara Geva play a large part in all the uproar. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelen, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon plays a demon little girl and the adults include Barbara Robbins and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable play, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Harry Bannister and Muriel Kirkland play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Miriam Hopkins, Conrad Nagel, and Viola Frayne have replaced Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winner. Not quite as exciting as it was before, but still well worth your while. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Those Endearing Young Charms—The problem of whether or not young women ought to yield to soldiers, discussed at considerable length. Blanche Sweet, Virginia Gilmore, Zachary Scott, and Dean Harens do their best against heavy odds. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

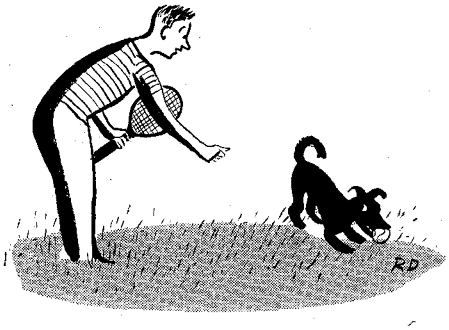
Three's a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober though somewhat elementary attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in the rôle of a young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard. There is Fats Waller's characteristic music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 24.

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—An Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Mr. O. and Mr. J. have left the cast, but Frank Libuse and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rowdy, funny, and occasionally handsome show. Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee have been replaced by Professor Lamberti and Bea Mathews. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Student Prince—A revival of an operetta which has been mysteriously popular since the twenties. Everett Marshall, Ann Pennington, Frank Hornaday, and Barbara Scully are mostly in charge of the goings-on. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

The Vagabond King—Another operetta revival, this one with John Brownlee and Rudolf Friml's music. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes amusing. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

MISCELLANY

Spangles—A one-ring circus that is certainly less bewildering than the big ones and probably just as much fun. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15.)

Stars on Ice—The second edition of this skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Biltmore Roof, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra and an ice show.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo heads the show here, which also includes the Golden Gate Quartet, dances by Beatrice and Evelyne Kraft, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical spot, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band to dance to.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This summer house is next door to the winter quarters. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing, and there's also some entertainment.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show which includes a mind reader and dances by Fred and Elaine Barry. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room has Maurice and Cordoba, and Larry Siry's orchestra.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra provides the dance music in this warm-weather haven.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers dance music by Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra is on the Starlight Roof, and there are songs by Morton Downey late in the evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra also helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with a number of competent performers. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Natalie Bodanya and the Leonard Ware Trio are among those who keep things going in this attractive spot. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **la vie parisienne,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Celeste Holm heads a small show, and there are always the Lamotte murals to look at. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, pleasant room. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show that includes Charles Weidman. . . . **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): fairly fancy, with Don Maya's orchestra and a small show. . . . **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **riobamba,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings, white palm trees, and a show that includes Martin Reid's orchestra and Nora Morales' rumba band. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian atmosphere and entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **astor**

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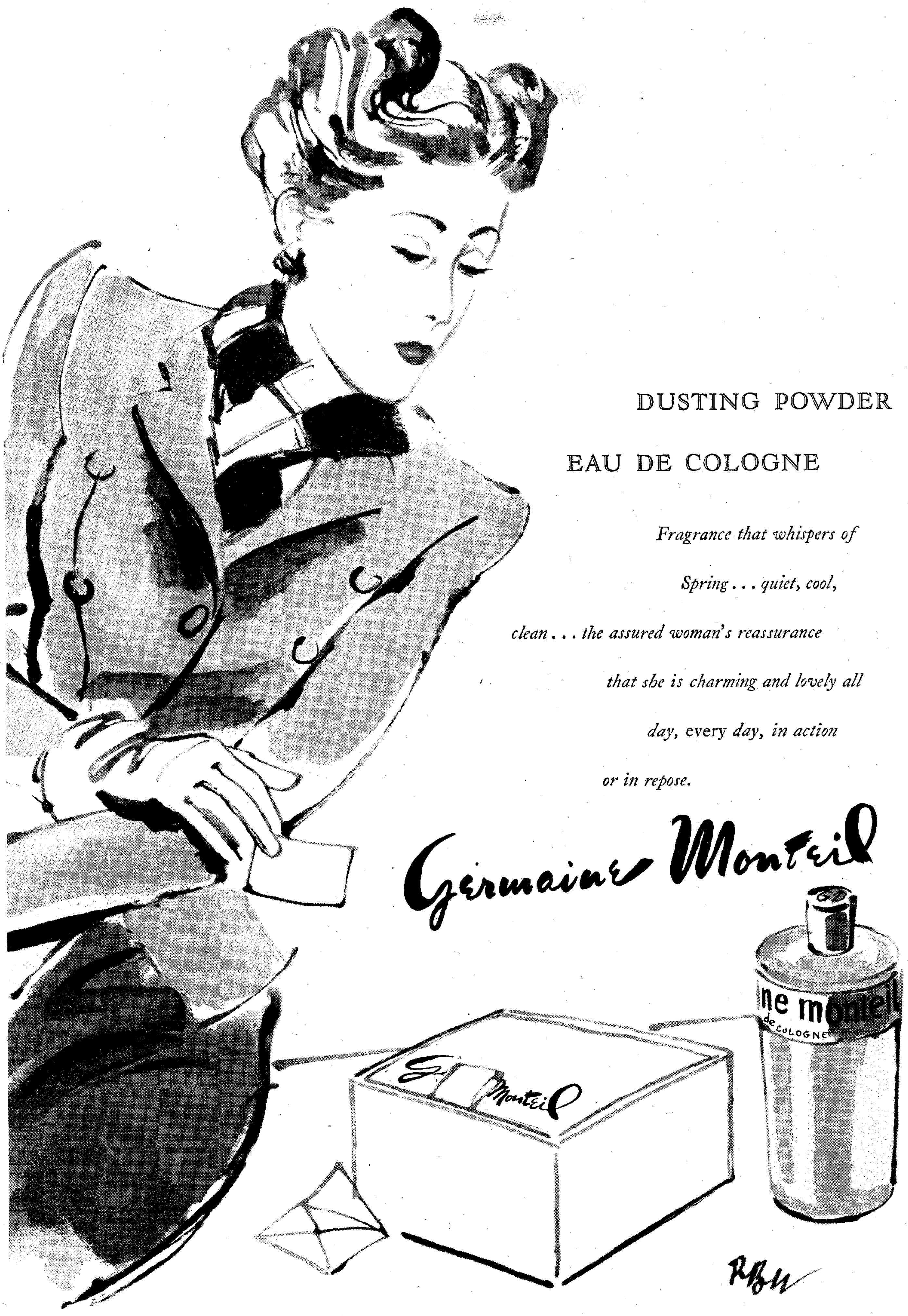
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Germaine Monteil

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 24.

ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Benny Goodman's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Will Osborne's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra will be replaced by Walter Perner's on Sun., July 18. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's other entertainment, too. . . . **COCOANUT GROVE,** 7 Ave. at 55 (CI 7-8000): Cab Calloway and his band have recently opened here. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a new revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the present show is headed by Georgie Price. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): a big show, with girls galore. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ella Fitzgerald, the Berry Brothers, and others in an all-Negro revue; Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Machito's rumba band and some entertainers. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Mary Lou Williams, Frankie Newton's orchestra, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Roy Eldridge's band and, through Wed., July 21, Billie Holiday. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio.

AL-FRESCO—The **CLAREMONT INN,** Riverside Dr. at 124: there's a fine view of the Hudson, and Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing in the evenings. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: lunch and tea are served in the garden. . . . **CENTRAL PARK ZOO:** the cafeteria there is jammed on Sundays, but it's fun for a weekday breakfast or afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés on lower Fifth Ave., quieter than ever now with the disappearance of the motor car: the **BREVOORT,** 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,** 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS,** 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

LOVIS CORINTH—A retrospective show of paintings, drawings, water colors, and lithographs by a German Expressionist who died in 1925: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Sat., July 17.

DRAWINGS—A loan exhibition of portraits and other works by John Singer Sargent and Paul Cesar Helleu: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 14.

EAST AND WEST—Ancient Chinese art compared with works by Occidental artists from medieval times to the present: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., July 24.

GROUPS—At the **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: eighteen paintings, never before shown, by such French artists as Arbit Blatas, Raoul Dufy, and Maurice Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 27. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64: paintings of summer scenes by Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, and other French eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 7. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: new exhibit of oils and water colors by old masters and modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The Jules S. Bache collection of European paintings and sculptures from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century (through Sept. 15); also, an exhibit of works in all media by contemporary Chilean artists, arranged by the Toledo Museum of Art (through July 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: paintings by eight moderns, including André de Segonzac, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and André Derain. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., July 24. . . . **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings by modern artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 30.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Thirty oils by Morris Hirshfield, the self-taught resident of Brooklyn who started painting at the age of sixty-five. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 1.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of over a hundred paintings by Werner Drewes, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and twenty other contemporary artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., July 22.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Gladys Swarthout in "Carmen," Thurs. and Fri., July 15-16; Bidu Sayao and Jan Peerce in "La Traviata," Mon. and Tues., July 19-20. . . . Conductors: Lorin Maazel, Sat., July 17; Alexander Smallens, Sun. and Wed., July 18 and 21; Jascha Horenstein, Thurs. through Sat., July 22-24. . . . Soloists: Josef Hofmann, July 22; Nathan Milstein, July 24. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

PARK CONCERTS—Central Park Mall—The League of Composers sponsoring a program by the workers' orchestra of the Sperry Gyroscope Company: Tues., July 20, at 8:30 P.M. . . . City Amateur Symphony, Judge Leopold Prince conducting: Sat., July 17 and 24, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Goldman Band: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., July 16-17, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., July 18 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. through Fri., July 21-23, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Chicago, Sat., July 24 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M.

GOLF—Long Island G.A. Partner's Best Ball Tournament (a Navy benefit), Pomonok Country Club, Flushing, Thurs., July 22.

RACING—Empire City Meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., July 24. (Yonkers Handicap, Sat., July 24.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station daily between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

TENNIS—N.Y. State Women's Championships, Knickerbocker Field Club, Brooklyn, Tues. through Mon., July 20-26.

YACHTING—Championship race on the Sound: American Y.C., Sun., July 18, at about 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.,** 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, small arms, and bombs, assembled by the Army, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas, as well as booby traps and other equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: the rôle of the airplane during the war and after it, as shown by maps, globes, models, photomurals, and other graphic material. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Oct. 17. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY,** R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center; an Army Air Forces show, with wind tunnel models and actual engines of various types of planes, fliers' equipment, and machine guns (through Jan. 31); also, an American-Soviet exhibit of photomurals showing present-day life in both countries, examples of lend-lease equipment, and war trophies captured from the Germans (through Sept. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **FREEDOM HOUSE,** 32 E. 51: a collection of photographs, mostly unpublished, of bombings and other wartime scenes in Great Britain, along with maps and diagrams showing the development of the British Empire. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 31.

ON THE AIR—"This Is Official," wartime information from members of government bureaus, Sun. Afts. at 1, WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, speaking for the Office of War Information, Fri. Eves. at 10:45, WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Wilhelm Steinberg conducting, Sun., July 18, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., July 18, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concerts, Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30, WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR; William L. Shirer (from London), Sun. at 10:30 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs., at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Mon. and Thurs., at 10 P.M., WOR; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC—This story of how lend-lease goes through has been given spectacular production. With Humphrey Bogart, Raymond Massey, Alan Hale, and Ruth Gordon. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., July 21.)

BATAAN—Story of a lost patrol in the Philippines with no nonsense. Robert Taylor, George Murphy, and Thomas Mitchell. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., July 21.)

DESERT VICTORY—A British documentary with a wallop. It shows how Montgomery spent most of the past year making a monkey out of Rommel. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 21-23.)

EDGE OF DARKNESS—Rip-snorter about sabotage in present-day Norway, notable for the acting in subordinate rôles. The cast includes Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Ruth Gordon, Judith Anderson, and lots of others. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., July 17. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., July 21. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 16-19.)

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO—A rather fabulous plot, about the Eighth Army's campaign, is helped immeasurably by Erich von Stroheim as Rommel and somewhat by Franchot Tone and Anne Baxter. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., July 19. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., July 17-19. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., July 17-20. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., July 20-22. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 20-24.)

HANGMEN ALSO DIE—Excitement following the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Kept especially active by the direction of Fritz Lang. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., July 16.)

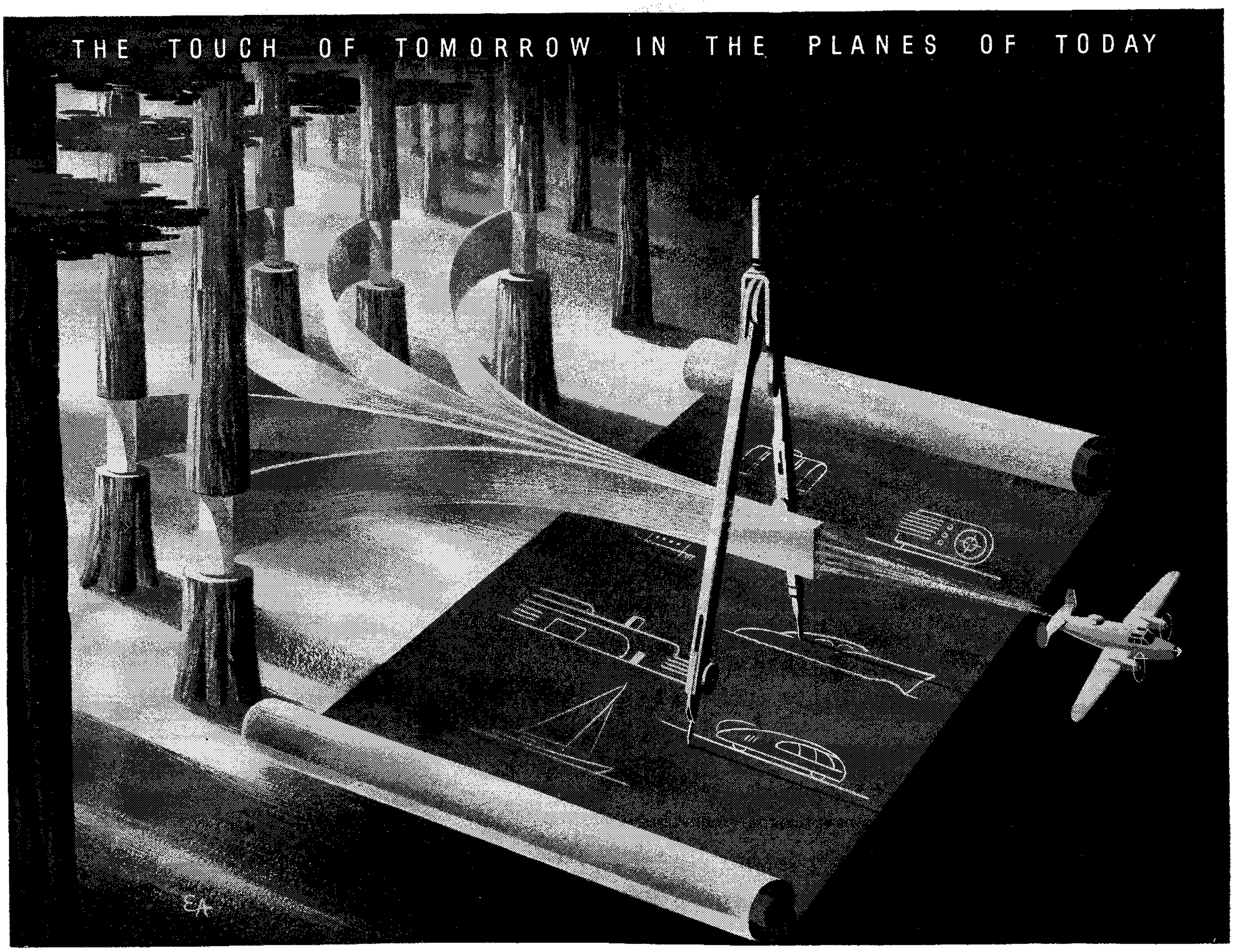
THE HUMAN COMEDY—A screen play by Saroyan, based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view, but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Mon., July 16-19. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Wed., July 16-21.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Story of pretty epic proportions concerning a reporter who finds out the ugly political truth about a dead hero. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., July 17-20. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., July 18-20.)

MISSION TO MOSCOW—You'll have to see it before you can argue about it. Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Oscar Homolka have the main jobs in portraying the international figures in ex-Ambassador Davies' book. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—The Steinbeck novel-play adapted for the screen with some telling improvements. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden are in the cast. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., July 17. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., July 17-19.)

THE MORE THE MERRIER—The bright side of housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72;


THE TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN THE PLANES OF TODAY
EA

A New Industry Comes Out of the Woods

Plywood, the structural material of the future, takes to the skies today. Planes of many types are now being made of plywood, superior in certain characteristics even to fine steel or aluminum.

With war-time expansion of plane production, Fairchild foresaw shortages in the light metals. Research and engineering development of plywood at Fairchild were given a great stimulus. New data and new techniques were developed, made possible by recently perfected adhesives. Plywood craftsmanship jumped ahead many years in a few short months.

By a patented Fairchild process, known as DURAMOLD, layer-on-layer of wood, laid cross-grain and permanently joined with special resins under heat and pressure, may now be molded into single and multi-curved structural surfaces of consistently high quality.

DURAMOLD possesses some distinct advantages over metal aircraft surfaces. It is more fire-resistant. It makes lighter, stronger planes; the rigid DURAMOLD shell is its own support, eliminating the need for a great clutter of internal stiffeners, bulkheads, and other reinforcing members necessary in thin metal construction. It does not wrinkle nor buckle in the airstream, as does a metal surface. There are no non-flush rivets, as no rivets are required. Thus, it is *smoother* in the air . . . horsepower is not handicapped by increased "drag." The plane can fly faster, is more maneuverable and has greater lift and range in the field of high-speed performance.

Production of DURAMOLD structures in spars, flat pieces, and complex curved surfaces is now concentrated within the aviation industry. Its purposes are 100% the purposes of war. But, when victory is won, the techniques, facilities and craftsmanship of a new industry can and will be applied to a multitude of peace-time products.

DURAMOLD, another example of those Fairchild achievements which put the "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today," is available to all "priority" manufacturers. Write for free illustrated booklet.

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FAIRCHILD ENGINE AND AIRPLANE CORPORATION
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L.I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . . Burlington, N. C. • Duramold Division, New York, N.Y.

An Ideal Hotel

offers every facility and service that can contribute to your comfort. The Drake, we sincerely believe, does just that. The Drake, too, is noted for its large finely decorated and equipped rooms, over-size closets, modern serving pantries, splendid restaurant, and prestige location.

2- to 6-room smartly furnished apartments with serving pantries; by the season, month, and day; single and double rooms transient

BING & BING *Management*
Wm. W. Malleson, Jr., *Mgr.*

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440 Park Avenue
at 56th STREET, NEW YORK 22

GUNNERS!

THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME

When a big offensive **begins, every single gun must start firing *on time.* That's why many U. S. Army gunners wear a Hamilton Army Ordnance wrist watch. It's a wartime example of Hamilton's famous accuracy.**

HAMILTON The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 15, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 24.

Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., July 19. . . . Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 21.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT—A good grim one about a lynching in the West, adapted from the novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. With Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Mary Beth Hughes, and Frank Conroy. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 16. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., July 17. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., July 19. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., July 20-21.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—A colorful, forty-five-minute Disney, featuring Donald Duck and others in South America. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. through Fri., July 21-23.)

THIS LAND IS MINE—About the soundest of the What's Going On in the Occupied Countries group, with Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, George Sanders, and Kent Smith. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., July 21-24.)

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER—Walt Disney's lively animations of Seversky's theories on long-range bombing. (Globe, B'way at 46; starting Sat., July 17.)

REVIVALS

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 15.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 20-22.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., July 15.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., July 16.)

THE INVADERS (1942)—The troubles of a Nazi submarine crew in Canada. Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Thalia. B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., July 20-22.)

REAP THE WILD WIND (1942)—A Cecil B. De Mille treatise, in Technicolor, about the Florida Keys in the eighteen-forties. Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., July 15. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., July 20-21. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. through Fri., July 20-23.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., July 16-19.)

UNION PACIFIC (1939)—A huge panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., July 20-21.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., July 20-21.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**THROUGH SAT., JULY 17:** three short factual films about the two Americas. **SUN. THROUGH SAT., JULY 18-24:** four wartime shorts, "Troop Train," "Private Smith of the U.S.A.," "Henry Browne, Farmer," and "Sweeney Steps Out."

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

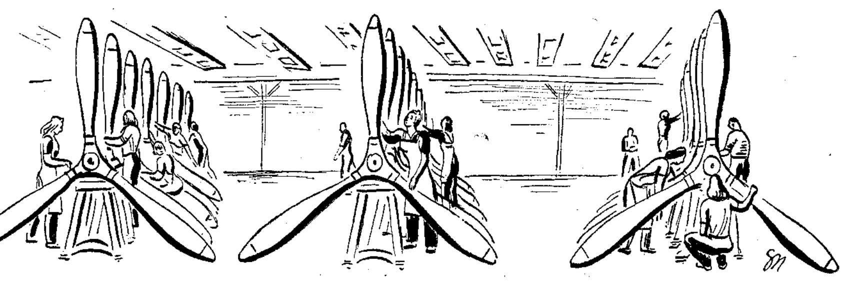
VOLUNTEER WORK—Although thousands of volunteer workers signed up with the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office during its recent recruiting campaign, there is still an urgent need for many more men and women to fill emergency jobs. Residents who want to help out should get in touch with the C.D.V.O., 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help people sign up with the Red Cross. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) anyone over sixteen to take a brief course in radio operation and then train two hours a week for the War Emergency Radio Service, patrolling the city on foot or in radio-equipped cars; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing, salvage, and other wartime matters; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, has grown very acute, and the government urges that you continue to save it. Pour the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Rubber is no longer wanted for salvage, but rags and tin cans and other scrap metal are just as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home. . . . Tin cans should be turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. To facilitate handling, it is best to flatten the cans after washing them, cutting out both ends, and removing the labels.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Navy has an immediate need for a number of German-made Robot cameras, which it wants to buy. The only type acceptable is Model II, with a 30 or 32.5 mm. or a 3.75 cm. Zeiss Tessar *f*2.8 lens. For further information call or write the Naval Adviser's Office, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-6800, Ext. 193). . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. During the month of July, contributions can be turned in at any police or fire station. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute anything which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen, such as phonographs, radios, motion picture projectors (16 mm.), and athletic paraphernalia. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



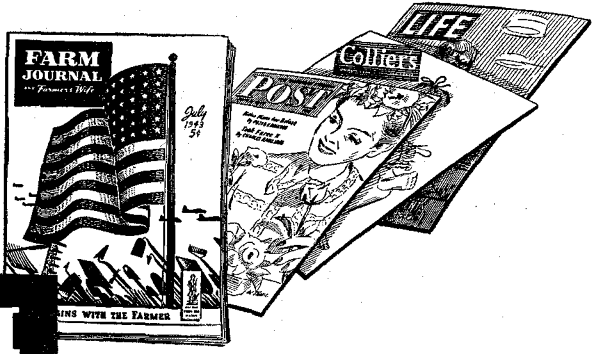
Mrs. V. Garden discovers the FARM JOURNAL

You're on the right track, Mrs. V. The FARM JOURNAL is full of helpful information for anyone who tills the ground, whether it's for money or patriotism. Sorry we can't enroll you as a subscriber, but the 2,700,000 copies we're printing monthly are all needed for our regular paid-in-advance rural readers. There are paper limitations, you know.

• • • •

Without limitation, the FARM JOURNAL would be headed for 3,000,000 right now. We stopped all new circulation effort long ago and still subscriptions are coming in by the tens of thousands. Such outstanding leadership can come from only one cause—vital editorial content that serves the need of America's intelligent rural population. If you have a single grass root in your lineage, you can recognize this appeal by reading the July issue.

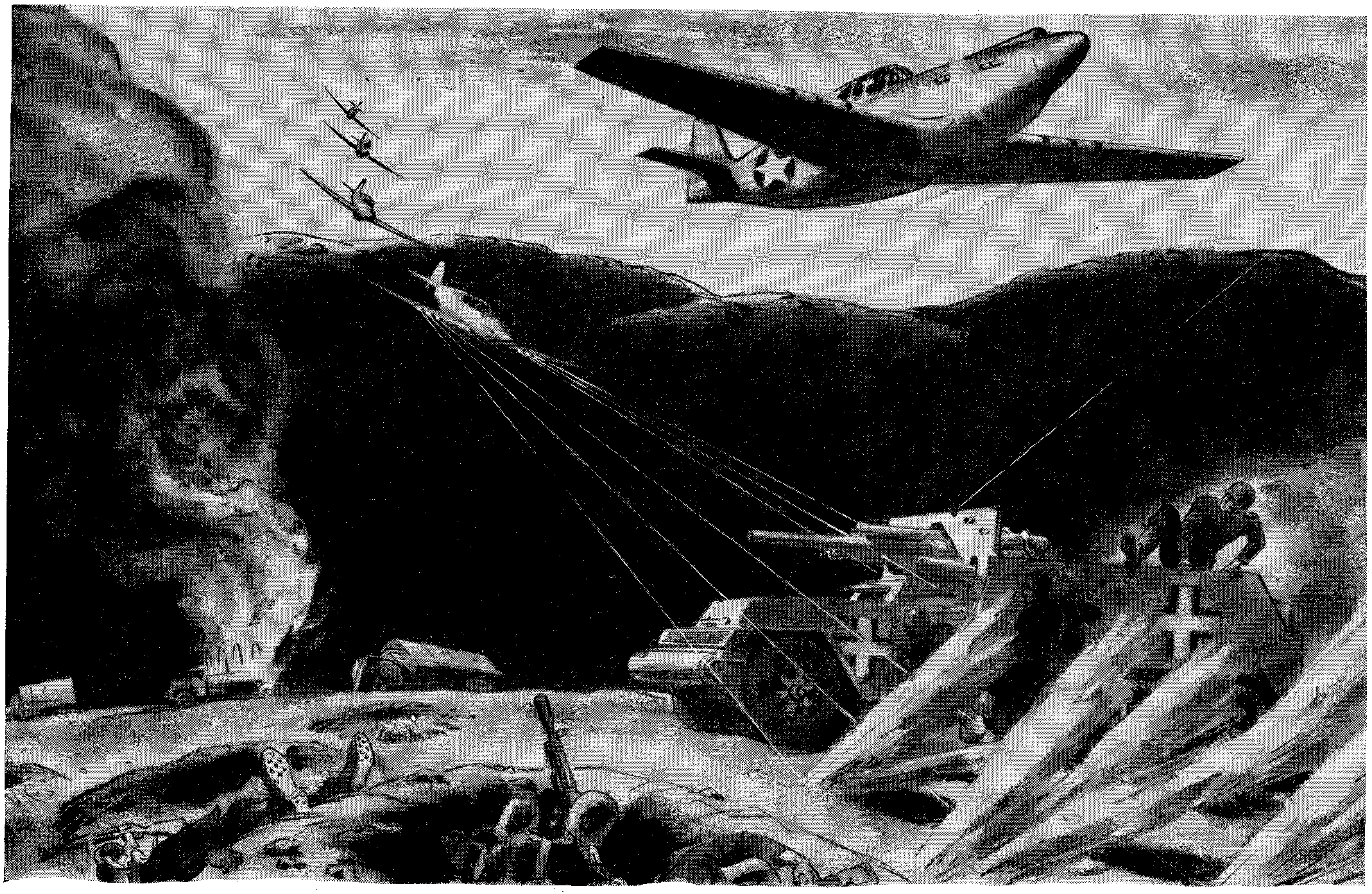
Of the
FIRST FOUR
General Magazines
ONE
covers the rural market



FARM JOURNAL AND *Farmer's Wife*

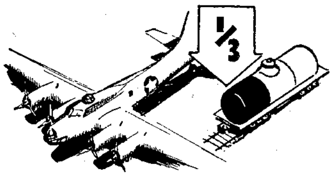
GRAHAM PATTERSON, ***Publisher***

Washington Square, **PHILADELPHIA**



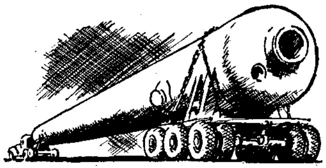
The inside story of 100 octane gasoline

1. In 1937, 100 octane aviation gasoline was just emerging from the oil company laboratories. Production was hardly great enough to keep one squadron of fighter planes in combat, and it cost $25 to make each gallon.



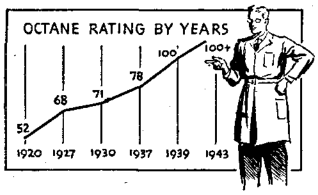
It takes ⅓ tank car to fill a Fortress

2. Today, the American oil companies are turning out enough 100 octane to fuel the greatest Air Force in the World. They are shipping millions of *additional* barrels to our Allies. And they have cut production costs to an average of 13½¢ per gallon.

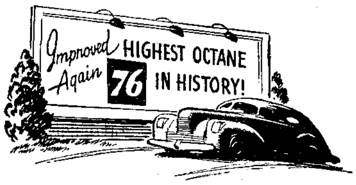


3. The inside story of this accomplishment is a typical example of American Free Enterprise at work. For 100 octane was perfected by our oil companies in their own laboratories *before we entered the war*—without one cent of government subsidy.

4. This was largely the result of just one peacetime influence—*competition.* You don't decide to make 100 octane one morning and start producing it the next. You have to learn how over a period *of years.* Back in 1920, the best gasoline our oil companies could make was 52 octane.

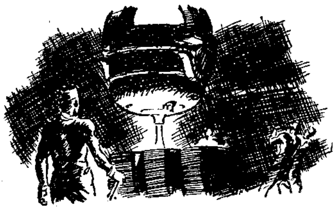


5. But by 1930, they had hit 71; by 1937 they were shooting for 100, and by 1939, for 100 *plus.* Why had they made such progress? Not because they expected a war all those years, but because each company kept struggling to put out a better product than others and *get more customers.*



6. If the oil business had been controlled by one company, or by the government, this wouldn't have happened. For there's not much incentive to go after more customers when you already *have them all.*

7. But many companies, *competing* with each other for your business, forced improvements. And forced them at a much greater rate of speed than any monopoly (private or governmental) has ever managed on its own initiative. That's the inside story of 100 octane.

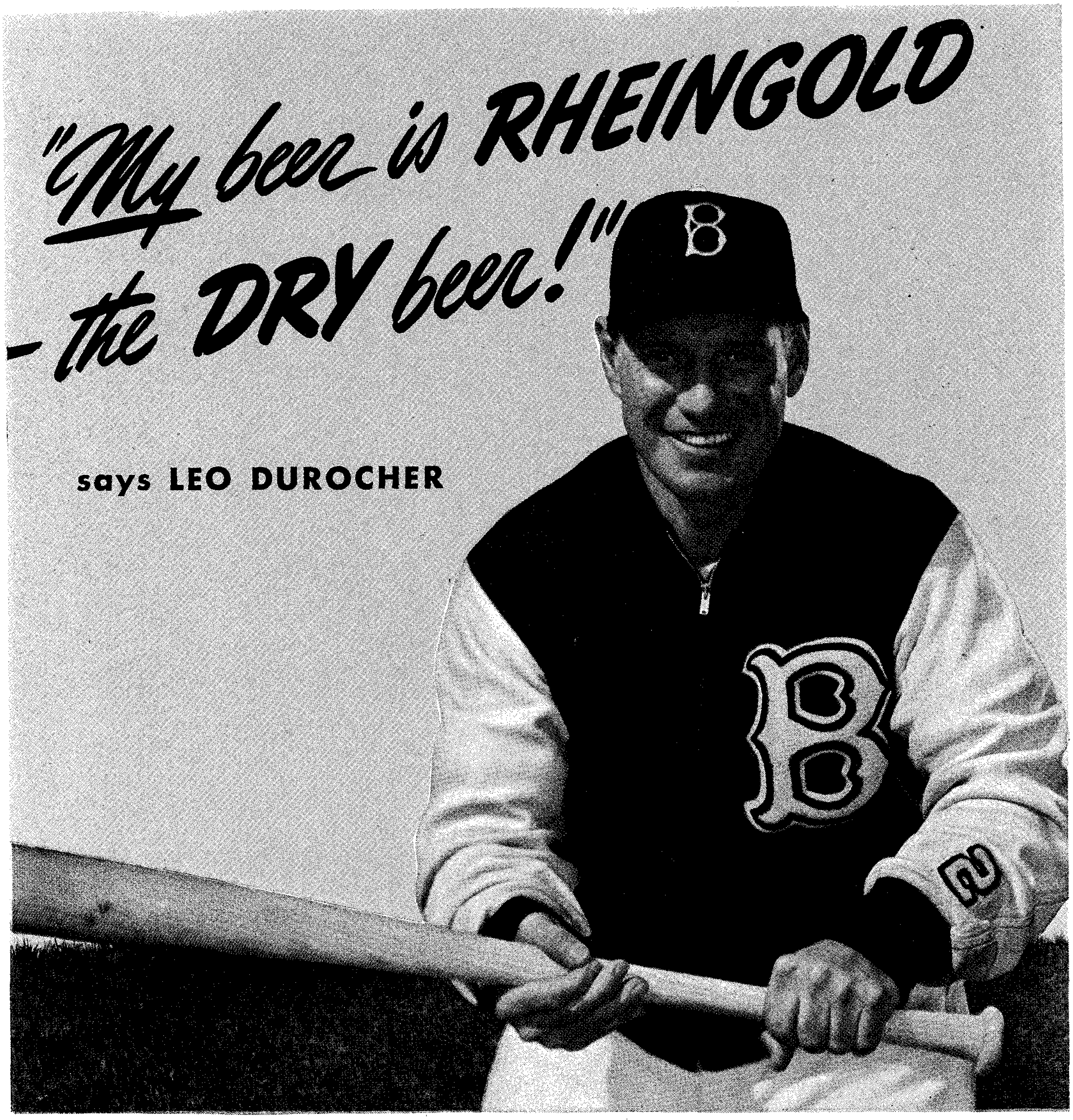


8. And it's the story of most other war production as well. Years of peacetime *competition* under American Free Enterprise gave us the "know how," the plants and the mass production techniques to do the greatest job ever tackled by any nation.

UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA

AMERICA'S *FIFTH* FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

This series, sponsored by the people of the Union Oil Company, is dedicated to a discussion of how and why American business functions. We hope you'll feel free to send in any suggestions or criticisms you have to offer. Write: The President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Building, Los Angeles, California.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

Rheingold
EXTRA DRY
Lager Beer

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST 1837-IN NEW YORK 1855

New York's fastest-growing brewery!

DRY tells you WHY!

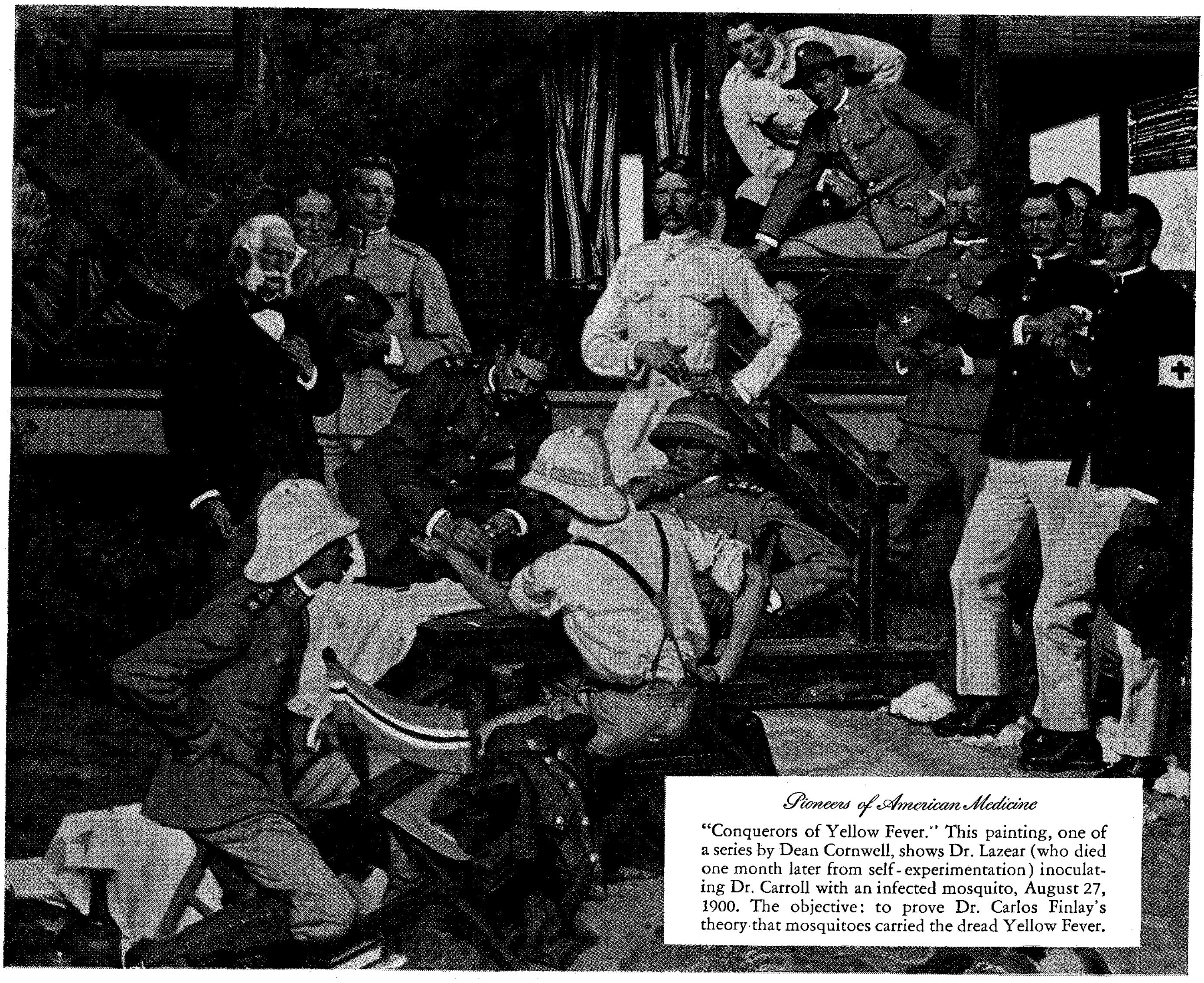
Rheingold *is not* sweet. Nor *is it* bitter. Rheingold EXTRA DRY has a *sparkling tang* which tells you that here, at last, is a beer lover's beer!

During 1942, more New Yorkers switched to Rheingold than to any other New York beer—giving Rheingold *more than double the increase* of its nearest New York competitor!

For beer as beer *should* taste—try Rheingold! On tap and in quart bottles and 12-ounce steinies all over town.

Copr. 1943 Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying! Keep 'em Flying!



Pioneers of American Medicine

"Conquerors of Yellow Fever." This painting, one of a series by Dean Cornwell, shows Dr. Lazear (who died one month later from self-experimentation) inoculating Dr. Carroll with an infected mosquito, August 27, 1900. The objective: to prove Dr. Carlos Finlay's theory that mosquitoes carried the dread Yellow Fever.

Men who died...to prove that Death had wings

ON AN ARMY hospital cot in Cuba, a man lay dead.

Dead, because he had set out to test the theory that mosquitoes carried Yellow Fever...that Death could come humming through the air on tiny wings.

The theory held. And he died. But in thus discovering the cause—and the control—of "Yellow Jack," the courageous men of Major Walter Reed's Army Commission also proved this: No one on earth deserves a bigger vote of thanks from suffering humanity than the American doctor.

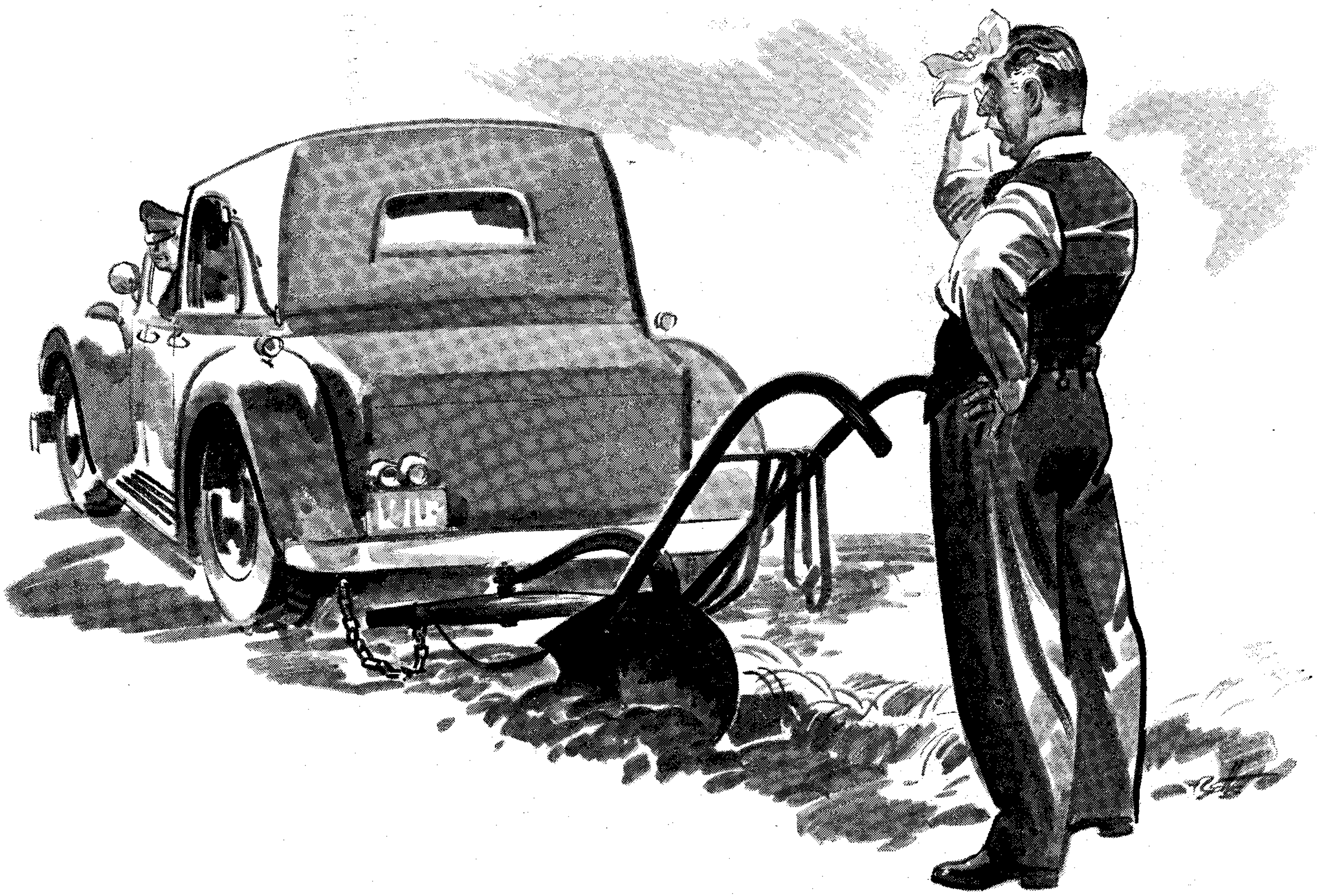
Today, on every fighting front, in every American town, in laboratories where lights burn late at night, the work of alleviating human misery goes on—steadily, quietly.

And where you find the doctor, there you'll find his good right hand, the pharmacist—to whose careful training and constant service the American community owes an often-unrealized debt of gratitude.

Wyeth's—pioneer pharmacists—take pride in the fact that their matchless quality controls, absolute uniformity, and eager, tireless research have combined to produce pharmaceuticals so fine that these medical men have relied on them for over 80 years.

This advertisement by John Wyeth & Brother of Philadelphia is designed to direct attention to the great contributions of American physicians to world health. The original paintings in this series are being exhibited by request at medical schools, medical conventions and art museums throughout the United States.

Wyeth's REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



The Boss has a plowing job to do

The limousine is certainly in keeping with dignity . . . but not with the plowing job. Much better if the Boss would change his clothes, get down to earth, and get a tractor that would really do the work.

The Boss has some kin-executives who also abjure tractors. While admitting the horse power of "the Comics" they sometimes think of them as an "undignified" medium. Now, seriously, is there anything "undignified" in good humor, high adventure, and wholesome entertainment? Is there anything "undignified" about using a tractor when you have a plowing job to do?

Famous characters in The Comic Weekly, such as Jiggs & Maggie, Blondie, Toots & Caspar, Popeye and the Katzenjammers, depict life as it is. Prince Valiant rekindles the flaming, gallant days when knighthood was in flower. Skippy is as real and lovable a lad as Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. Flash Gordon's adventures are as fascinating as Jules Verne, in modern dress. Walt Disney's Donald Duck has admirers who encompass all mankind.

But primarily Puck-The Comic Weekly is an entertainment medium designed to do a MAJOR advertising job. For example:

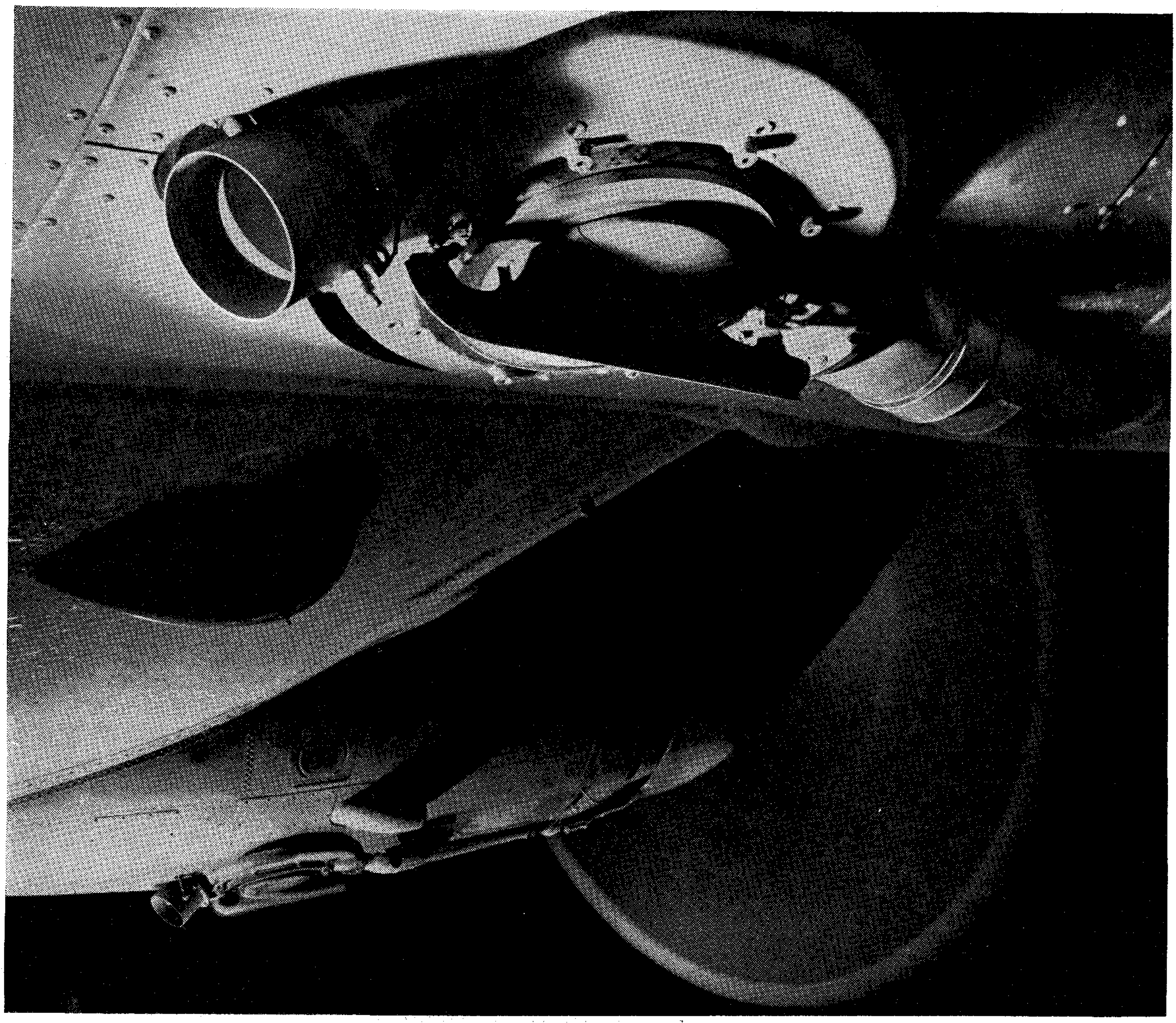
1 . . . Puck has a record of results which no sales-minded executive can ignore. In 1940 one large advertiser bought eight color advertisements. In 1941 the schedule was increased to 28; and to 51 color advertisements in 1942. More of this advertiser's dollars went into Puck in 1942 than into any other publication.

2 . . . Surveys show that over 80% of all adults read the Comics. Three national weeklies deliver 293 adult readers per dollar invested in half-page or larger space, but Puck-The Comic Weekly delivers 717 adult readers per dollar invested in an average advertisement.

3 . . . Visibility and readership are tops because Puck accepts only a limited number of advertisements per issue. Space in Puck is a real *franchise*.

Puck-The Comic Weekly, distributed to more than 6,250,000 families through 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast, is read by over 20,000,000 people—men, women and children—and blankets the great industrial areas and most prosperous markets in the U.S.A.

To gain a real understanding of Puck's essential power and dignity, top executives—president, sales manager, and advertising manager, together with key men in the advertising agency—should see Puck's analysis of "Your Customers of Tomorrow." Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York; Hearst Building, Chicago.



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Key to high heavens

No one knows yet how high a Boeing Flying Fortress* can go. Its ceiling has never been attained . . . though this great battleship of the skies has penetrated far into the blue, mysterious reaches of the stratosphere.

But what *is* known is that the Fortress performs in some respects even better *7 miles up* than it does at sea-level!

And this is not only an outstanding aeronautical achievement, but a deadly blow to Axis nations whose military installations can be precision-bombed by airplanes so high they're not even visible from the earth below.

One key to the Fortress' stratosphere performance is the turbo-supercharger you see above. Working with General Electric, its originator, Boeing developed the *first* practical multi-engine installation for this remarkable instrument.

Numerous problems had to be solved. To cite just one: In supercharging, you compress and force into the engines vast quantities of air. This compressing generates great heat — up to 250 degrees. Thus, even though stratosphere temperatures range *downward* from 67 below zero, one of Boeing's major problems was to develop a method of *cooling* the air for the engines . . . 26,000 cubic feet of it a minute, or just about the cubic content of an average-size home.

Without supercharging, an engine loses three-fourths of its power at 35,000 feet. Flying Fortress performance—near 100% at that altitude—is striking testimony to the engineering ability which solves such problems!

Boeing engineering embraces more than 25 distinct fields, so diverse as refrigeration, aerodynamics and metallurgy. Tomorrow you can look to Boeing to bring you interesting new products of unusual merit . . . and can be sure that anything "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Republican Nationalist Revival Committee, meeting in Chicago the other day, passed a resolution urging Colonel Robert R. McCormick to stand as a Republican candidate for President in the coming primaries. Much as we respect Colonel McCormick, the idea of his running for President disturbs us. According to the public letter he wrote last year to a man who quizzed him gently about his isolationism, the Colonel has had quite a busy career to date. He wrote:

> You do not know it, but the fact is that I introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools; that I introduced machine guns into the army; that I introduced mechanization; I introduced automatic rifles; I was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire. Now I have succeeded in making that the regular practice in the army. I was the first to advocate an alliance with Canada. I forced the acquiring of the bases in the Atlantic Ocean.
>
> On the other hand I was unsuccessful in obtaining the fortification of Guam; in preventing the division of the navy into two oceans. I was unable to persuade the navy and the administration that airplanes could destroy battleships.
>
> I did get the Marines out of Shanghai, but was unsuccessful in trying to get the army out of the Philippines.

We don't doubt that Colonel McCormick would make a remarkable President, but we believe that any man who has done all those things, or even half of them, has already done quite enough for his country, has given it the last full measure of his devotion. Furthermore, asking him to suffer the indignity of the Presidency after being publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* is simply asking too much of any man. Our word of advice to the Republican Nationalist Revival Committee is: Leave the Colonel alone, boys; just let him sit back and rest on his laurels.

LION-AND-LAMB NOTE: In the showcase outside the Bachrach Studios at 507 Fifth Avenue are large, smiling photographs of Vice-President Wallace and Secretary of Commerce Jones, cheek by jowl.

G. B. SHAW has decided that the cost of the war could be met if the Allied countries would adopt simplified spelling. The old gentleman has presumably never tangled with simplified spelling, as we have, and doesn't realize that it is the most complicated thing there is, as well as a dangerous depressant. Our encounter with s.s. was at the Lake Placid Club one summer, in the full bloom of late boyhood. We had a job there as assistant to a surveyor, a man named Lobdell. We would come into the club, tired after a day of trigonometry problems and black flies, and sit down to a meal of prime-smelling undecipherables, like rost bef. We would sleep, rise at dawn, and stare wanly at oranj jus, butrd tost, and cofi. No good, as we recall it, came to us from any of these objectionable table delicacies and no simplification came to our life from the way they were spelled. Our own program for a world economy is founded not on simplified spelling but on calmer outlook, not on fewer letters to the word but on fewer words to the minute. Mr. Shaw can spell phone "fone" if he wants to, but he will have to answer it himself. We won't be anywhere around.

THE other day a man in a New Haven movie house took a dislike to the picture he was seeing, tore up all the seats around him, tried to demolish the railing around the orchestra pit, and threw an egg at the screen. In New Brighton, Pennsylvania, a man who had spent four years building a house by his own labor came home to it, found that his wife was out playing cards, and went to work on the house with an axe and a blowtorch. "When a man slaves for years to build a home," he told the police later, "he has a right to expect his wife to stay in it." In reaction to the high cost of living, a war worker in Denver ate $47 in currency and was just finishing off the meal with $75 in War Bonds when the police stopped him, while a man in California swiped a napkin from a cafeteria, threw away $70 he had in his pocket, and tried to deposit the napkin in his bank. A sixteen-year-old boy in our own city, eager to meet a girl sitting near him in a restaurant, walked over and set her hair on fire. Delayed by a collision, a Los Angeles motorist gnashed his teeth so hard that one of them broke. The impression we get from all this is that the American people are taut. Full of morale, mind you, but taut.

WE have on our desk a mimeographed communication from the Bureau of Fashion Trends telling us how to care for our corsage of Canhamiana

orchids. We haven't got a Canhamiana corsage at the moment and we don't intend to go out and buy one, what with a single Canhamiana selling for about five bucks, but we are nevertheless glad to have the information. The Canhamiana, despite "her exquisite chalky white petals with the texture of velvet," is a "strong, vital" little devil, with "petals and lips of a good firm texture." According to the Bureau, we are to pin her on carefully and securely so that the petals will not be bruised, and while dancing wear her high on our right shoulder, pinned on our evening calotte, or else fastened to a velvet band on our wrist. And always we are to keep her out of drafts. "Nobody," the Bureau concludes patriotically, "can afford to be careless or wasteful these days."

Anticlimax

THINKING to round off the academic year by giving her class a preview of the next year's work, a kindergarten teacher, during the quiet hours of the last day of school, drew a large "A" on the blackboard. "Now, children, this is the letter 'A'," she told them. They took it calmly except for one little boy, who started noticeably and exclaimed, "Goodness, is *that* 'A'?"

The Count

COUNT FLEET, a brown, three-year-old colt (by Reigh Count out of Quickly), on whom we have had our eye for some time, has convinced us that he is the horse of the moment. We are influenced in this by the fact that he is the first horse ever to win all five of the spring classics, the Wood Memorial, the Derby, the Preakness, the Withers Mile, and the Belmont Stakes, and by his having made, at his tender age, $250,300. Impressed by all this, we called in at the offices of Lehman Brothers, investment bankers, last Thursday and picked up a little dope on him from the man who pays his bills, Mr. John Hertz, who is a partner down there. The Count's official owner is Mrs. Hertz, but we found that Mr. Hertz didn't have a bad word to say about him.

"He's smart," Mr. Hertz told us. "He knows damn well he hasn't been beaten—this year, that is. He got a few seconds and one third as a two-year-old, you know, but that was before he knew what it was all about." Since Count Fleet has, it seems, caught on, he doesn't fool around. Mr. Hertz said he is the only horse he has ever seen who puts his ears back at the start of a race and keeps them back all the way, even after he has left the opposition well to the rear. "Around the barn he's as kindly as can be," Mr. Hertz said, "but on the track he's a tough bird." Even his kindliness around the barn is tempered with what Mr. Hertz calls positiveness. When being cooled out in the walking ring after a race, Count Fleet is allowed three lumps of sugar, one after the second time around, one after the third, and one after the fourth. He keeps right on going at the first lap, but at the second he stops and waits for his sugar. "If you don't give it to him," Mr. Hertz said, "he's likely to knock you down." This positiveness dates back to the Count's infancy, when he was still wary of such objects as a piece of paper or a passing cat. He didn't just shy in those days; he jumped over fences.

Apparently the first one to recognize Count Fleet's worth was one Sam Ransome, the colored boy who broke him in on the Hertz farm in Kentucky. When Sam turned the colt over to some of the higher-ups for more advanced education, he passed along a word of counsel. "Tell the boss not to sell him," he said, "and if he does, tell him not to take less than five thousand dollars." Mr. Hertz thinks that's the highest figure Sam had ever heard of. It being the Hertzes' policy, however, to put all their yearlings up for sale annually, Count Fleet was automatically on the market in 1941. He was one of a crop of sixteen, and when the sale was over, he was one of eight rejectees. In 1942 he was embarked on his career, which has so far included twenty-one starts.

Currently the Count weighs in the neighborhood of 1,034 pounds and is about 15 hands 3 inches tall, or a little shorter than Mrs. Hertz. His conformation has been widely sneezed at among horsemen, but Mr. Hertz is inclined to look upon their estimate as premature. "They're all forgetting his father," he told us. "He's one of the handsomest damn sires in Kentucky today, but when he was a colt he looked worse than the Count does." Count Fleet's main physical feature is his muscle, which stands out all over him when he's in motion and which is no doubt handy, if not aesthetically sound. His diet consists of around ten quarts of oats a day, a certain amount of hay and grass, and no frills, unless you want to count an occasional sugar lump. He quiets down quickly after a race and eats his dinner with complete calm. "Like an icicle," Mr. Hertz told us.

Count Fleet is suffering at the moment from a strained ankle, and there's no telling when he'll run next. He won't get you more than a dime for two dollars when he does, anyhow.

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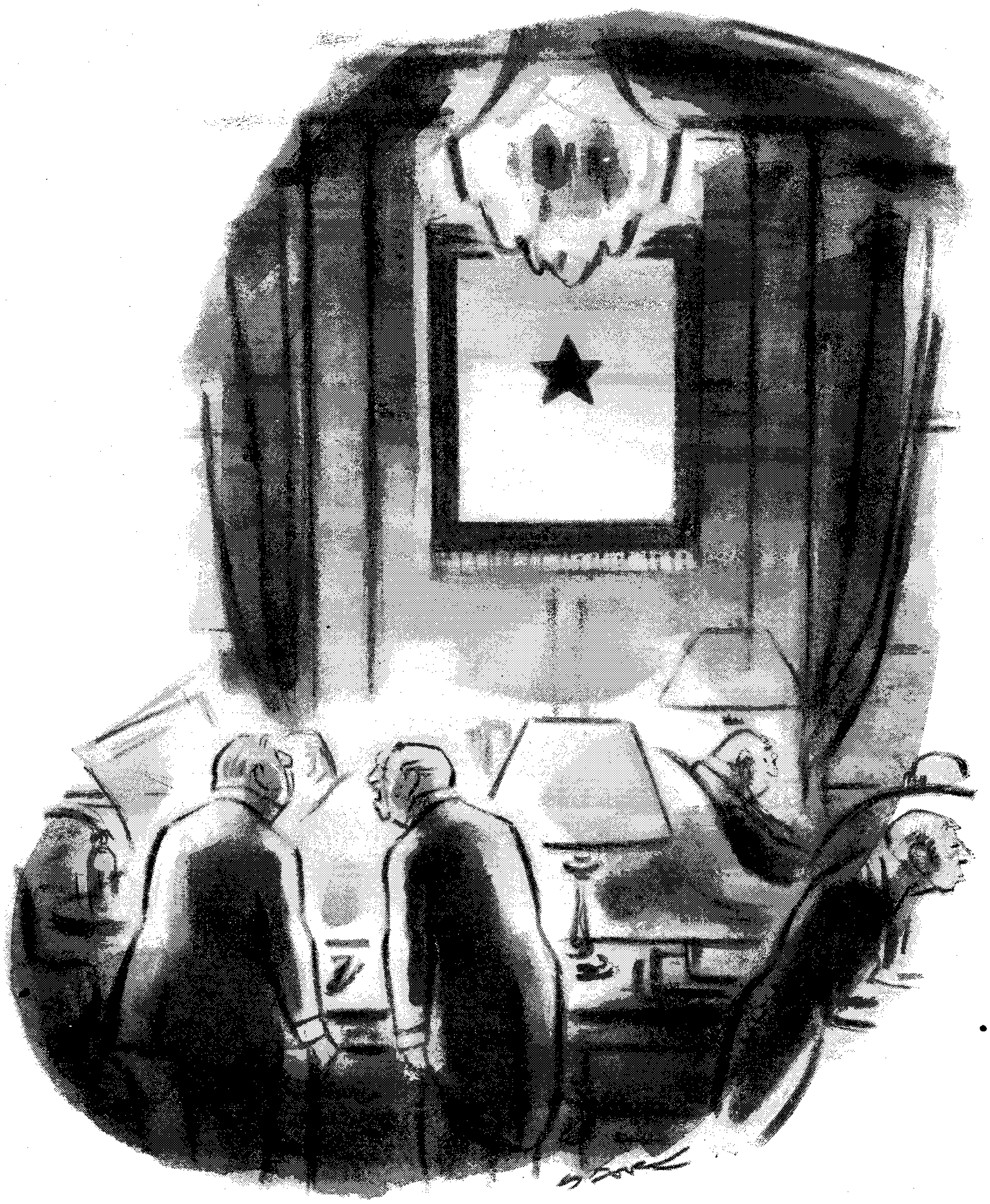
CONVERSATIONAL FRAGMENT OVERHEARD ON THE EIGHTH AVENUE SUBWAY: "She makes me sick, always lookin' for the bright side of things. A reggla Polly Adler."

Mrs. McMillin

IF you happened to attend the National Air Races held at Cleveland in 1932 (a rank improbability, we admit, but one must get into these stories some way or other), you saw a slender blonde named Marie McMillin make a parachute jump from a height of 24,800 feet, a record no woman has since approached. Well, the heroine now lives in Queens and, since the grounding of all civilian fliers and (of course) parachute jumpers, has turned her considerable energies toward forming a corps of lady parachutists who will be trained to make spot landings beside wounded soldiers and administer first aid. "Literal angels of mercy, dropping right down in inaccessible places—can't you picture it?" she asked us when we called to check up on her progress. We said we could indeed picture it, and she told us that several influential Washington personalities also could picture it. Anything may happen is the impression we got. Mrs. McMillin is strangely unlike a lady parachutist, though, and she has a fondness for John Frederics hats and talks more like a successful ladies'-club executive.

Pearl White was a primary influence in her eventful life. Mrs. McMillin was a rather sickly little girl whose heart, she confided to us, used to go "Tick, tick, tick" and then go "Tcck." The Pearl White movie serials, "The Perils of Pauline" and others, apparently acted as a tonic. "I'd sit for hours and watch



"It's for Colonel Heatheringham. Didn't you hear he finally got back into the Judge Advocate General's Office?"

her," Mrs. McMillin told us. "And do you know, skinny and sickly as I was, I knew I could do the same." This conviction persisted subconsciously even after she had grown up, married, borne a child, and gone to work as an information clerk in the Neil House, the second largest hotel in Columbus, Ohio, her home town. One day she was chewing the fat with a reporter from the Columbus *Dispatch* and he asked her, "Marie, what would you really like to *do*?" "I guess I was thinking of something else," she told us, "but I said, 'Well, Charlie, I could jump out of an airplane.' " Charlie gave her a long, searching look, hopped into a phone booth, and called his city editor. Emerging from the booth, he said, "You're going to jump out of a plane for the Columbus *Dispatch*, Marie, and you're going to get five hundred dollars for it." "When he mentioned that five hundred dollars, I didn't doubt for a minute my inability that I wasn't going to not make the jump," Mrs. McMillin related, emerging from the double-double negative on her feet, as usual. She made the jump, pocketed the five hundred, resigned her job, and embarked on a career of barnstorming that lasted until we entered the war.

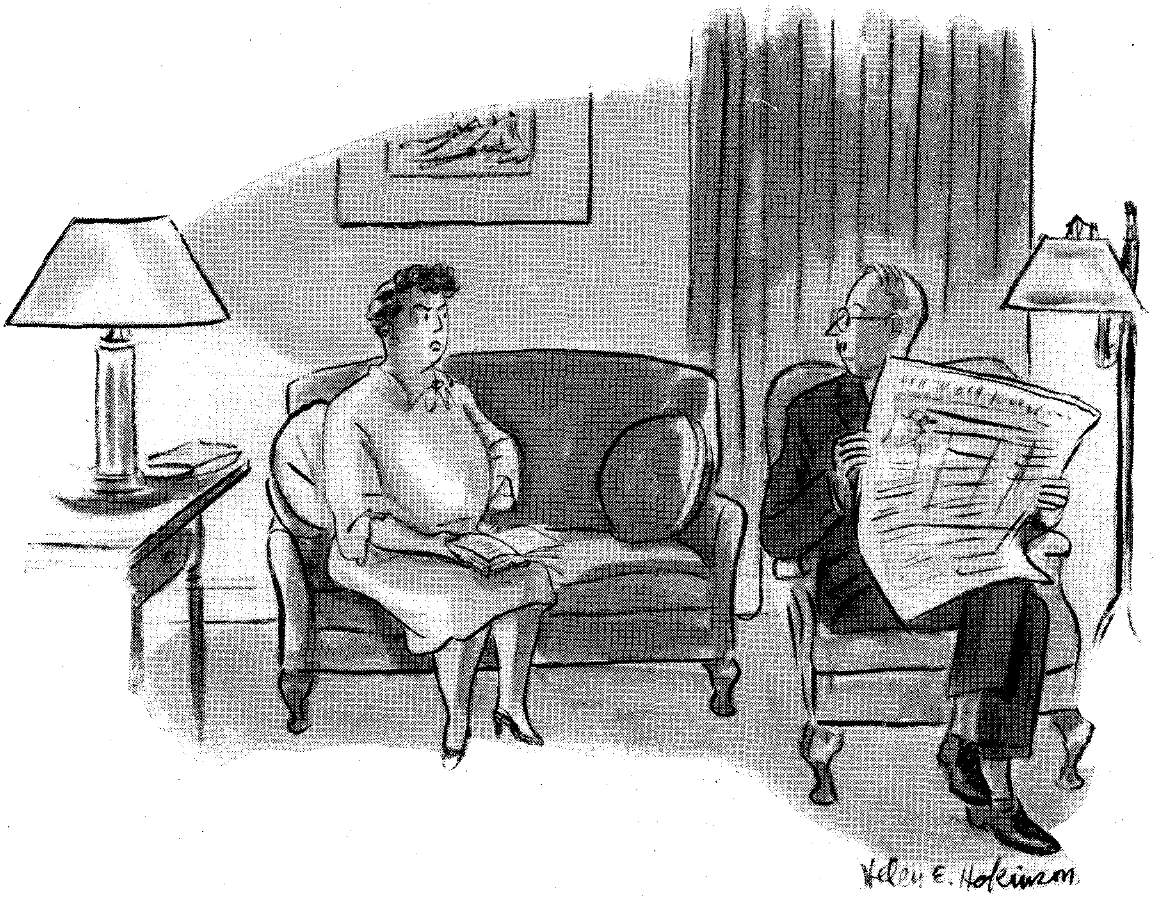
Mrs. McMillin has made four hundred-odd jumps. The only time she has been injured was when a large sign fell on her in Dallas while she was walking along the street. The sign read, "Walk Slowly, Drive Carefully, and Live Longer." "This made me think," she said, but added nothing about what it made her think. During her tours she got acquainted with the country's leading aviators. She knew Lindbergh very well—"the quiet type," she says. "Corrigan's the quiet type, too, but deeper." Mrs. McMillin, who has been a widow for some years, has a daughter of sixteen, who is not going to be a jumper or aviatrix; her ambitions are fixed on the stage and she attends the Professional Children's School. "We look at it this way," Mrs. McMillin told us. "She does the acting, I do the jumping, and never the twain shall meet. Would Katharine Hepburn jump from an airplane?" We said "No," but only because we sensed that Mrs. McMillin wanted us to say no.

Geography

STRINGING along with the Postmaster General, a local businessman instructed his secretary to specify the zone on all mail she sent out whenever she knew it. Something told him to check up on her before she had sent out that day's mail, and it was a good thing, too. She'd addressed all the letters by street, number, city, and state, and had added, in each case, "Temperate Zone."

European Bonds

ONE of the minor quirks of high finance is the fairly brisk local trade in the bonds of nations at present occupied by the Axis. In this free country, you may trade in the bonds of France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, and Jugoslavia. Of these, Denmark, Norway, and Belgium, although they have been occupied by Germany for three years, still pay inter-



"Oh fiddlesticks! I've lost the scent again. The heavily veiled woman with the deep voice couldn't have done it."

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est on issues with a par value of over $200,000,000, from bank balances maintained in this country. All the others except France have defaulted, but this has by no means completely abashed bond-buyers. Our entrance into the war furnished an easily understood stimulus. For instance, the 7% City of Warsaw bonds, which had fallen to 2⅝ in June, 1941, are now selling at about 12. In general, anything that seems to point to a victory for our side boosts the bonds of the conquered nations, the theory being, of course, that the nation in question will be rehabilitated and will pay off. The war has even revived interest in those forlorn financial orphans, Russian Imperials, in spite of the fact that the U.S.S.R. said long ago, in so many words, that they would never be paid. We gather that investors in Russian Imperials are not looking to a restoration of the Czarist regime but to a postwar period of good will between the Soviets and us, which may just possibly result in their paying off on the Imperials. The last deal in Imperials was at 9½.

Securities of Axis countries may not be traded in the United States, by order of the SEC. Not so in England, where German and Japanese bonds are traded in more or less briskly by London brokers. You mustn't be so naïve as to suppose that the bonds go up whenever the Germans appear to have a good day or two. Englishmen who buy Axis bonds are investing in a United Nations victory, expecting that when the Axis is conquered it will damn well be forced to make good its financial obligations. In the event of an Axis victory, an English holder of an Axis bond wouldn't have any more chance of collecting on it than a snowball, and he knows it. Right now, in London, Japanese government bonds are selling at 11, Germans at around 9. There has been little trading in Italian bonds since the war started, apparently because the speculators have no faith in Italy's future.

Finland's bonds are much sought after here, in spite of her alliance with Germany. Low for last year in Finnish 6% bonds was 65 and high was 95, reflecting American confidence in Finland's ability and willingness to pay off in 1945, when the bonds fall due. That she had been paying off her war debt all along weighs in her favor, as does the fact that she has met all interest payments, including the last one in September, and there is a feeling among investors that even if Russia should take her over she will make good her outside obligations. Denmark is another favorite, because of a conviction that this country intends to lend her money after the war to help her to her feet again. This has kept her six per cents around 64, including an issue that matured in 1942, which it is hoped will be paid off after the war. In general, the philosophy of investing in bonds of invaded countries—and, for that matter, in securities of some of the United Nations—is fatalistic. The investor figures that if Hitler wins, nothing will be worth anything anyway; if we win, the securities may be worth considerable. As for this country's reason for not allowing Axis bonds to be bought and sold, apparently it's simply a feeling that it wouldn't look nice. Of course, if you were stuck with such a bond when the freezing order came through, you can dig it up after the war and see how it has made out.

Destination

A FRIEND of ours was having a drink at the bar of a café in the vicinity of Times Square a few nights ago and next to him were two sailors deep in one of those wrangles that sailors get into when they have stood too long before one or more bars. As our friend made it out, one of the sailors wanted to go someplace that the other one didn't. "Aw, come on," the first sailor kept insisting. "A fine pal for a guy you are, never want to go anywhere I want to go. I ask you—come on, Joe, just this once. Be a good guy." This went on for some time, the other sailor merely hunching his shoulders, occasionally suggesting another drink, and now and then repeating a soggy but firm "No." At last, though, he gave in. He straightened up carefully and tossed off the drink in front of him. “All right,” he said, “if you feel that way about it.” He pushed himself away from the bar and squared off to depart. “Let's go,” he said. “O.K.” said the first sailor. “Where?”

Ghost Photographer

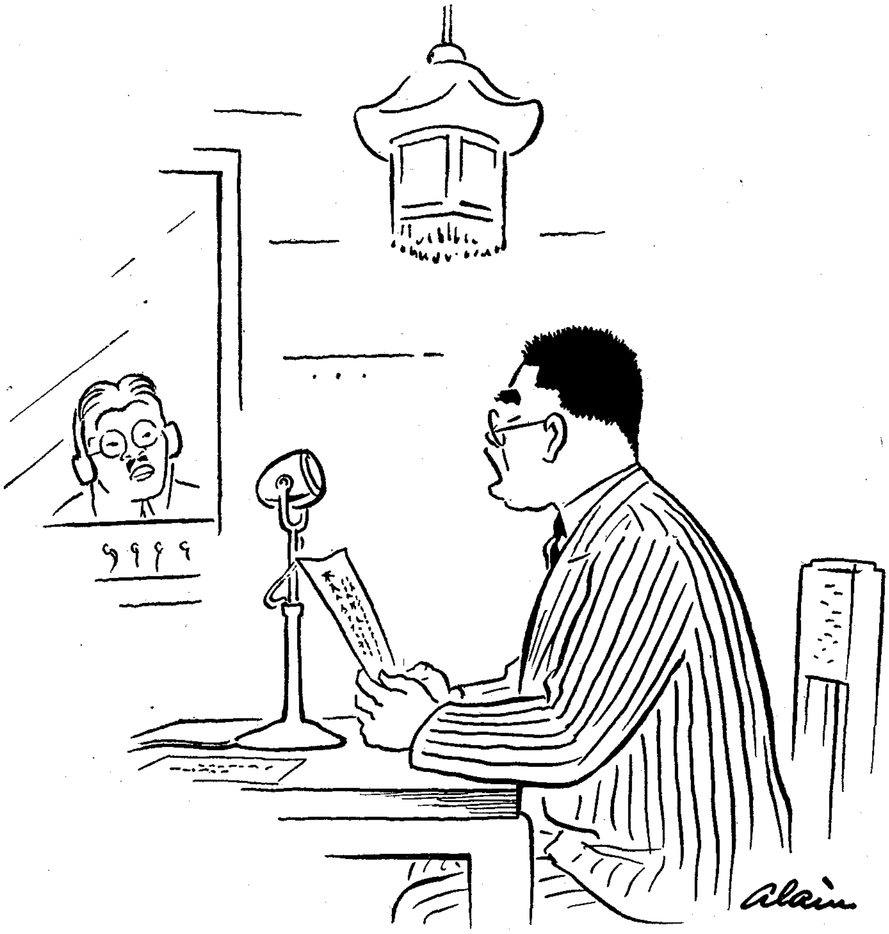
THE first thing you should know about Dr. Oskar Goldberg, who advertises for the addresses of haunted houses so he can try to photograph the ghosts, is that he is definitely not a nut. He's a German scientist of undoubted repute; two years ago, when he arrived in this country as an émigré, he was sponsored by Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein, and other Germans of equal standing. At the moment, he's doing historical research for Yale on the subject of medicine in the Far East. Dr. Goldberg's interest in ghosts is extracurricular but none the less passionate. It's his notion that a picture of a ghost could be obtained with a camera using film sensitive to ultra-violet and infra-red rays. The ghost being the first requisite, Dr. Goldberg has been advertising in the New York *Spiritualist Leader*, a mimeographed publication circulated among those interested in psychic phenomena. His advertisements say: “Haunted houses can be UNhaunted, through mediums' releasing the earthbound spirits—but Dr. Oskar Goldberg (Yale University research man, working from New York City) wants to photograph the apparitions first, by means of ultraviolet rays, to PROVE THEIR EXISTENCE, thoroughly, scientifically.”

Dr. Goldberg is a round, bald, kindly-looking man of fifty-seven, a native of Berlin. For twenty years he was on the faculty of the University of Munich, specializing in Oriental psychology. This took him on trips to the East, naturally, and he fell in with a famous yogi, Shri Agamya Guru Paramahamsa, who lived in Kashmir. This fellow had such control of his body that he could stop his heart and hold his breath for ten minutes. Or so Dr. Goldberg told us. He taught Dr. Goldberg a trick or two, and as a result the Doctor acquired the ability to see ghosts. Ghosts proved to be especially plentiful in Indian Tibet, where Dr. Goldberg saw eleven. In each case they were earthbound, either because of some shock or because of some unsolved problem. Using ceremonies and incantations taught him by the yogi, Dr. Goldberg released them. One ghost was a lady who had buried the family fortune and died before she could tell anybody where it was. Dr. Goldberg learned the hiding place from her, told her children, and thus released her from haunting the earth. That's the only reason for psychic research, he told us—releasing earthbound ghosts, who are all unhappy.

All in all, Dr. Goldberg has seen a couple dozen ghosts and about forty poltergeists. You don't actually see poltergeists, of course—just their handiwork. They're usually “elementals”—spirits that have always been spirits, never people—and they express themselves by throwing furniture around and breaking things. New York is a great place for poltergeists, but we have few ghosts. Dr. Goldberg hasn't yet actually seen any ghosts hereabouts, though he heard one in a vacant third-floor apartment over in the far-west Forties. The ghost told Dr. Goldberg that he hated nosy people and advised him to go away. There's supposed to be a ghost at Columbia; Dr. Goldberg is up investigating now. When he gets down to the work of photographing ghosts, he intends to have a crew of photography experts present, to inspect the equipment, load the camera, keep an eye on the procedure, and in general bear witness to the honesty of his intentions. “I do not wish to go to this great trouble and then be termed a swindler,” he told us. We'll let you know if anything comes of all this.

Unstrung

A MAN who recently travelled from Baltimore to our city reports that, as regards passengers and employees both, the B.&O. is apparently in a hell of a state. As he was waiting for the train in the Mount Royal Station, where they have rocking chairs, a well-dressed lady came in and sat down beside him; she had a clinical thermometer in her mouth. Later, near the end of his journey, the porter came through his car with the announcement that they were coming in to Jersey City, where everybody had to change for New York; he then took a whiskbroom out of his pocket and brushed himself off.



“. . . The island of Attu, we found, was of such little value to us that it was abandoned. At the present time our experts are reëxamining the strategic value of Kiska and Bougainville. . . .”

THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT

THERE is a man in Indianapolis named William H. Fine, who writes me letters calling me a quitter. I have suffered under the sting of his lash for two or three years without saying anything in my own defense, but the time has come to reply. I am not a quitter and I feel that such a charge could be brought against me only by a person who is not in possession of the facts. Briefly, the facts are these:

I came to Fine's attention in the late nineteen-thirties, when I won a contest sponsored by a beer concern. I had to supply the last line of a poem and I did it satisfactorily. The prize was ten dollars. My success aroused Fine's interest, although he was clear out in Indianapolis, and he wrote congratulating me on my work and introducing himself as "America's Foremost Contest Counselor." Letter followed letter, and soon he had changed his tune and was upbraiding me for lying back on my oars after my early show of promise. Just this morning I heard from him again. His letter began, "A quitter never won anything but regrets" and then went on to describe the two distinct types of service Fine offers to contestants to enable them to win prize money. One type is for persons who enter contests regularly, persons for whom Fine has a real affection. The other type is for the flash-in-the-pan sort, the sort Fine thinks I am, the sort who wins one contest and then rests on his laurels. Fine prefers a plodder with guts and perseverance to a merely talented man who lacks staying quality.

The whole thing would be laughable if it were any charge but "quitting." Fine assumes, somewhat presumptuously, that he knows all about me. He has sized me up as a one-timer, a one-prize Johnny. The plain fact is, I am a prize-winning fool, victor of a score of contests. Fine just happened to run across me in the beer job, but he was thirty years late. I began winning prizes in 1909, have been at it steadily ever since, and expect to win many more in years to come. At the moment I am vacillating between the Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Co.'s thousand-dollar award for the best letter on "How We Hope to Fix Up Our Home After the War" and the Harper ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best novel by a writer who had not been published prior to January 1, 1924. I shall enter one or the other. But that's in the future, of course, and has an element of uncertainty about it, whereas the past, my past, is something else again. My past is a kaleidoscope in which triumph follows triumph in intricate patterns of prodigious light. My past is an open book, which Fine obviously has not taken the trouble to read.

THE first award I ever received for meritorious work was from the *Woman's Home Companion.* The year, as I say, was 1909, or "Oughty Nine" as it was then known. The prize was a copy of "Rab and His Friends," by John Brown, M.D. I can't seem to recall what I had to do to win it, but I think likely it was a literary contest. I was something of a writer in those days, as well as a dabbler in the other arts. I still have the postcard which brought me the tidings of that first victory. It is signed "Aunt Janet." "Assuring you of my constant interest in your work, and hoping to see more of it from time to time, Very affectionately, Aunt Janet."

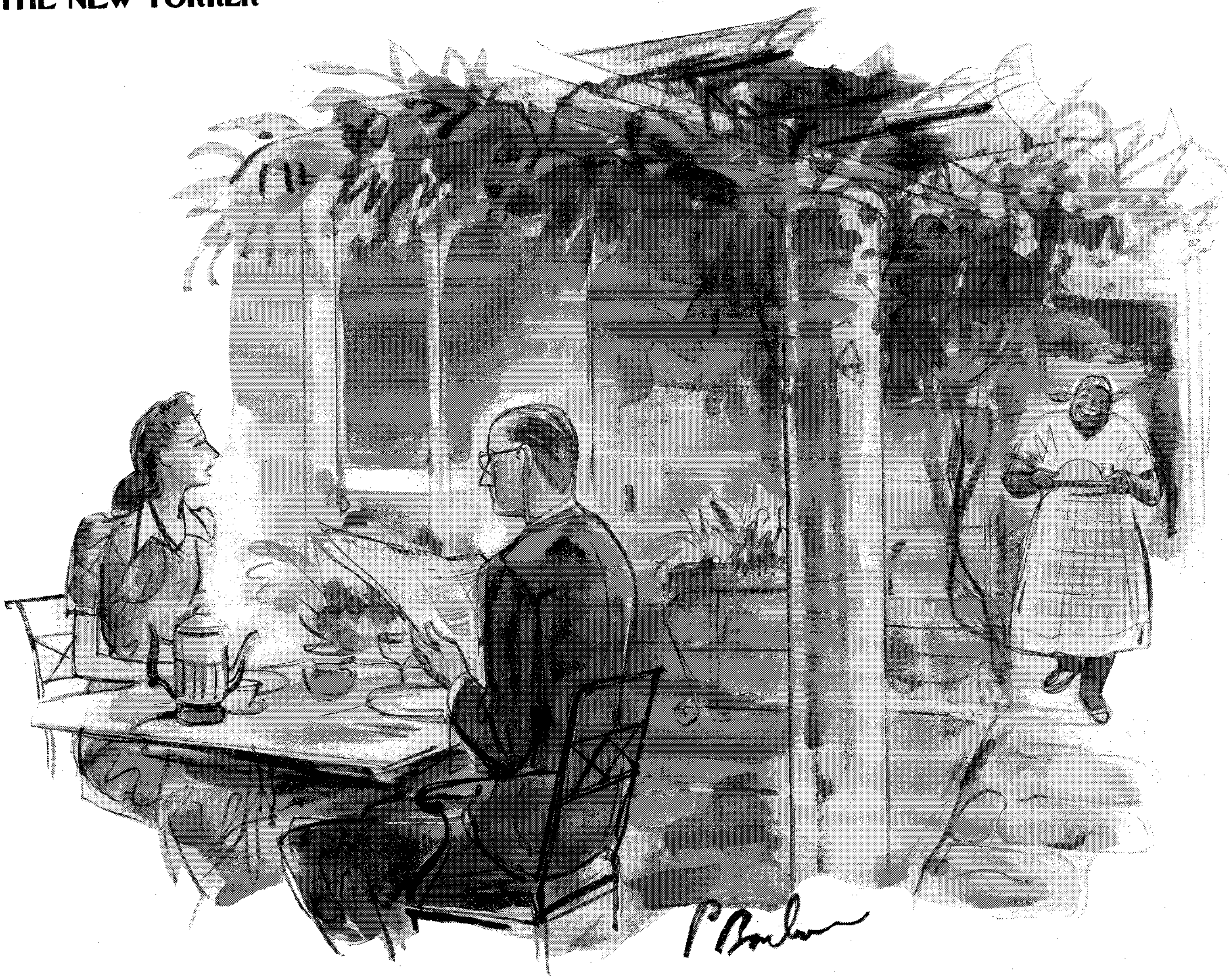
Well, what about that, Fine?

What about the silver badge I copped from the St. Nicholas League? What about the gold badge? Let me see your badge, Fine! I have a feeling you never even won honorable mention in the puzzles division. Who are you, anyway, to be calling me a quitter?

My next smashing success in the contest world came in my high-school days. New York State (or it might have been Cornell University, I can't seem to remember which) was holding out a pretty plum to the winners of a special examination which had been trumped up out of the entire field of human knowledge. The prize was six hundred dollars' worth of tuition, or fun, at Ithaca. There were four of these prizes to be distributed, one to each assembly district. I took the exam and finished in fifth place, which would have left me out in the cold but for a most unusual and suspicious occurrence. It seems, Fine, that somebody had just divided one of the assembly districts in two, making five districts. A quick stroke of the pen on a wall map somewhere, and I drew the six hundred dollars. That's the kind of contestant I am, buddies with Lady Luck, my mouth bulging with silver spoons. I have never known who was responsible for cutting the district in two but have always assumed it was one of my relatives. We were a close bunch and pulled together. Still, it was none of my business and I never pried into it.

The prize money took me to college, where I would have gone anyway, as I was a well-heeled little customer who had gone after the scholarship from pure greed. At Cornell I promptly set to work entering other contests. I went out for track, and I am sorry to say, Fine, that in this particular field your accusation is justified: I quit track. I quit all right, but it wasn't because I couldn't run fast, it was on account of a pair of track shoes I had bought from a merchant named Dick Couch. They didn't fit, that's the long and short of it. Whenever I wore them I was in torture, and I kept trying to persuade Couch to change them for another pair but he never would, so I spent all my time racing between Couch's store and my room in North Baker Hall and never had time to participate in any of the formal athletic contests. Of course, it is not for me to say that I would have won any of those races. Nevertheless, I was a swift thing on two legs and as light as a feather.

What about the way I came through with the winning sonnet in the Bowling Green contest in the old New York *Evening Post*? Surely you didn't miss that tourney, Fine? The track experience had been a hard blow but it didn't break my spirit and I did *not* quit. I was right in there pitching when Christopher Morley announced a sonnet contest. The prize was a book—one of his own, as a matter of fact. If you have never read that sonnet, Fine, get it and read it. It will take your breath away. Meritorious as all hell. Fourteen big lines, every one of them a money-winner. Quitter, eh? Quitter my eye. Have you ever written a sonnet when your



"If she could only cook!"

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feet were killing you? A man who can go four years with a pair of track shoes that bind him across the toe and still turn out a workmanlike poem is no quitter. Not in my dull lexicon.

What about the first horse I ever bet on? That was in Lexington, Kentucky, where I had gone to seek my fortune in an atmosphere favorable to the competitive spirit. (I had held three or four jobs around New York that winter, but they were prosy things at best and I felt I was losing my fine edge so I got out.) My first horse was a female named Auntie May. She was an odd-looking animal and an eleven-to-one shot, but there was this to be said for her—she came in first. Perhaps you are the type of man, Fine, who doesn't recognize betting as a contest. You would if you had to run around the track twice, the way the horses did. Kentucky was lovely that spring. I got twenty-two dollars from the contest and would have let it go at that if I had not chanced to fall in with some insatiable people who were on their way to Louisville to enter other contests. Sport of kings, Fine. I went along with them. It seems I got hooked in Louisville. The Derby was a little too big for me, I guess. Easy come, easy go. But I didn't quit. I was temporarily without money but I still had a sonnet or two up my sleeve. After the race I returned to my hotel (I didn't say I was registered there, I said I returned to my hotel) and wrote a fourteen-line tribute to Morvich, the winning horse, and later that evening sold it to a surprised but accommodating city editor. If you will look in the Louisville *Herald* for Sunday, May 14, 1922, you will find my sonnet and will see how a young, inexperienced man can lose a horse race but still win enough money to get out of town. You needn't thumb all through the paper, Fine, it's right on the front page, in a two-column box.

Kentucky was indeed lovely that spring. Exhausted from my successes and my trials, I spent quite a while just wandering around the state and will always remember one little valley where the whippoorwills—but don't let me digress.

My next contest was in Minneapolis. True to form I blew into town just as a limerick contest was in full swing. I came through magnificently. The Minneapolis *Journal* was offering twenty-five dollars for a last line for a limerick, and I had that knack. A man has to live. The *Journal* was in search of a suitable conclusion for the following limerick:

A young man who liked to rock boats
In order to get people's goats
  Gave just one more rock
  Then suffered a shock
....

To thousands of residents of Minneapolis, this was a poser, but it was just my oyster. I sent in the surefire line "A bubble the spot now denotes." It rhymed, it was the right metre, and it was catchy. It had the mark on it of an experienced prize-winner. Apparently there was no question among the judges,

MAN AT THE WHEEL

Quartermaster, what is your heading?
To the east of north, Quartermaster, what degrees?
Then come right as your wheel turns—two, three spokes over.
She swings, she is answering; very good, you can ease.

In the hooded binnacle the compass card
Balances, secreting light,
Restless and magnified, true to the stars,
To these watchmen telling what of their night.

Quartermaster, how does she handle?
Darker against darkness, can you see ships ahead?
Put them port of the mast then; we crowd their column.
(There are quartermasters living, and some dead.)

Out through these windows the pattern of ships
Files and lumbers toward position at noon;
Felt if not seen, this night's dance of the elephants;
This is the convoy under the moon.

Quartermaster, suddenly do you see the white feather
Half a point—there! no, one point—starboard bow?
Hard over, Quartermaster, in God's name get her swinging—
Once again it is never, or never, or now.

Inside the wheelhouse, the warmth, the still comfort
Mock the cold sweat of fear, shapes of death.
Behind you, chronometer, mute voice tubes, familiars;
Before, on the windows, your breath.

False alarm; a false periscope. Now your rudder amidships.
Take her out, Quartermaster, pull her off of this turn.
Come left and then steady, on course, in the column. . . .
(None are buried; some go down and some burn.)

Quartermaster, what are your secrets?
Through such hours what houses and fields
Lie steady ahead as you question these currents,
As your wheel spins, spins back as she yields?

There is no dream, Mister; we couldn't afford one.
There are fragments, a life's trinkets, and brief;
The imminent change in this bowl of announcement
Measures threat by the minutes. We dream of relief.

Off the North Cape, Cape Farewell, Cape Wrath, Cape Ra
Off Tirree, Butt of Lewis, Skerryvore,
Mull of Kintyre and Coll—shall we see them again?
Shall we pray that we see them no more?

Now the day's light approaches, the hand to the hour
(Down below, raise the watch from its sleep).
Now they come out around you as the morning comes over;
Shadows into ships, into this far pattern we keep.

Through the convoy, all the bridges, the hour is striking.
Relieve the wheel! Let the watch go below.
The next forty take over, forty testing the wheel spokes—
What's your heading, relief Quartermaster? Now steady as you g

—OTIS FERGUSON

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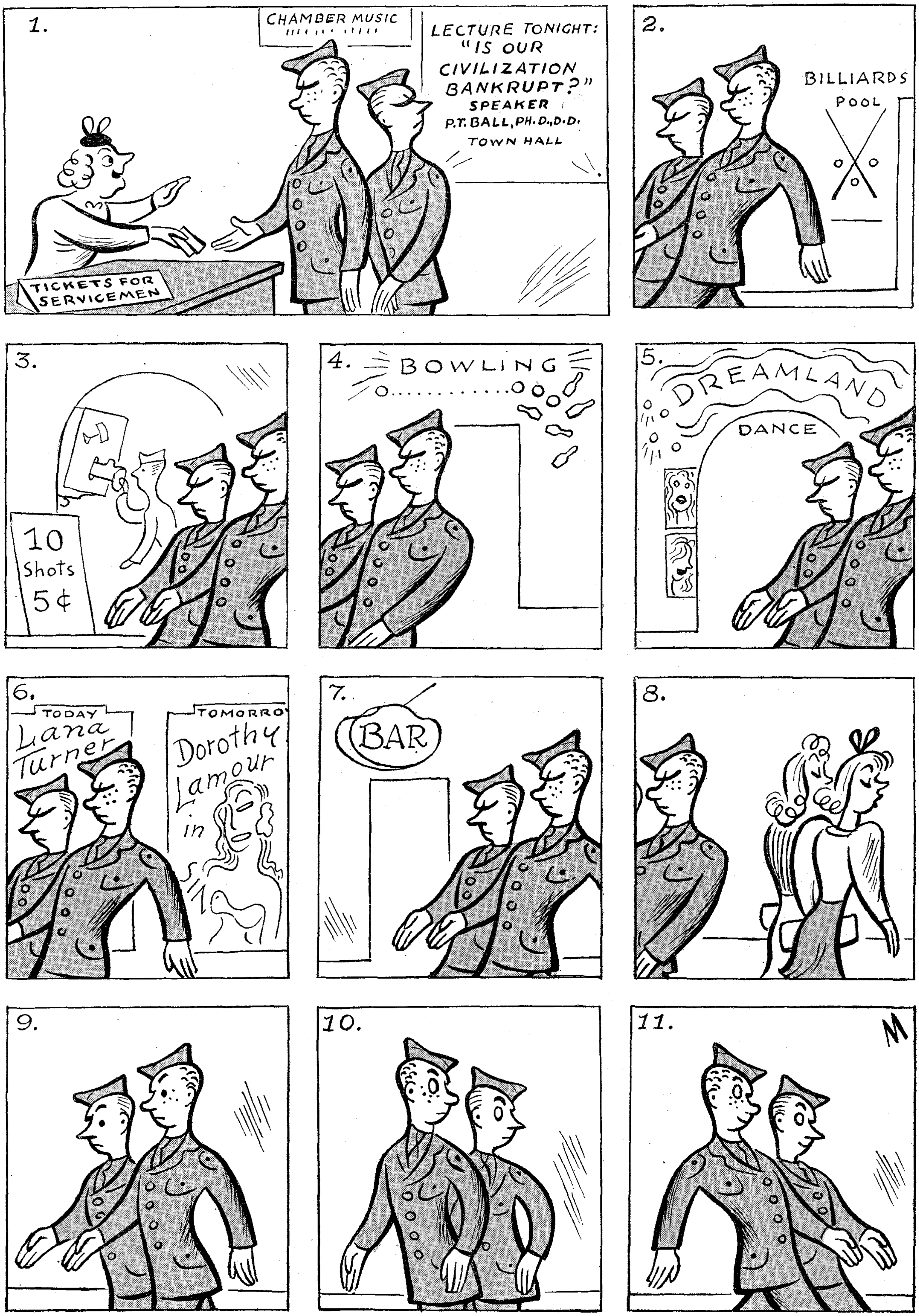
once they came upon it. From among the thousands of other entries, it stood out as though etched in flame. The money was very welcome, when I received it, and as a matter of fact I could have used fifty rather than twenty-five, because I managed to dislocate my elbow about that time (no contest, just straight sailing) and was in the clutches of a medical man. I often think of those other Minneapolitans who got only honorable mention from all the effort they put into that contest—Stephen H. Brown, O. A. Glasow, Minnie R. Long, V. M. Arbogast, M. D. Rudolph. Talented people, all of them, but lacking that curious spark that touches off a genuine money-winner.

AFTER my Minneapolis triumph there was a lapse of several years, a dull period, Fine, when I lay fallow and roused myself only long enough to produce a few listless pentameters in praise of coffee for some sort of promotion scheme cooked up by the caffeine interests. But once a contestant always a contestant. In 1929 I was again active in prize circles. I won the gold watch offered by Franklin P. Adams for the best "Conning Tower" poem of the year. What if the watch doesn't keep time any more, I won it, didn't I? Who wants to know what time it is? It's no trick, in this world, to find out what time it is—you can glance into any barbershop—the trick is to win something. Then the beer concern came along and I ran away with that. The end is not in sight. About a year ago I spent a good deal of time working on the Ten Crown Activated Charcoal Gum gold-watch award for the best line to go with "Ten Crown Gum Helps Keep Teeth White" but got distracted by the Harper-125th-anniversary-twelve-thousand-dollar prize for the best piece of non-fiction. I hung fire so long I missed the bus in both contests. Chewing gum got scarce and the Ten Crown people either went off the air entirely or else my battery set got so run down I couldn't hear it any more, and the Harper offer expired.

This year, as I say, I am hesitating between the Alex Smith Dream Home contest and the Harper fiction thing. As I write this, I have only sixteen days to go on the Harper novel, but I have thought of a last line and I figure that if a man has a good last line he can build up the preliminary stuff in short order. I am also in line for an award from "Information Please"—they still have a question of mine. I asked them if they could tell the difference between a sow, a shoat, a boar, a pig, a hog, a gilt, and a barrow. So far they have not used the question and I can only assume that it is a little too hard for them. They're always shying away from things they don't know and getting back to Gilbert and Sullivan.

WELL, I have spread my record before you, Fine. I'm not making any exorbitant claims for myself. In fact, I'm just an ordinary fellow in many ways, but I want to make it plain that this is not the record of a quitter and I shall expect you to stop using that word about me. When I decide to quit in the great contest of life, I'll drop you a card. Maybe I'll sign it Aunt Janet. Meantime, I'll thank you to mind your manners.

—E. B. W.


1.
CHAMBER MUSIC
LECTURE TONIGHT: "IS OUR CIVILIZATION BANKRUPT?" SPEAKER P.T. BALL, PH.D., D.D. TOWN HALL
TICKETS FOR SERVICEMEN
2.
BILLIARDS
POOL
3.
10 Shots 5¢
4.
BOWLING
5.
DREAMLAND
DANCE
6.
TODAY Lana Turner
TOMORRO
Dorothy Lamour in
7.
BAR
8.
9.
10.
11.
M

NIGHT OPERATIONS

THE sun was going down in the wooded hills beyond the camp and the sky was getting that vast look it took on at night. On the duckboard in front of the office of the Clerks' School, Lieutenant Gerald Powell glanced at his wristwatch. "All right," he said, "it's a quarter of sev—I mean, it's eighteen forty-five now. We should get to that fringe of woods about twenty-one hundred. Can you have everything set by then?"

Sergeant Crimmins nodded. He sat astride a bicycle, with one foot on the ground, bracing it. In the basket hanging from the handlebars were a half-dozen thermite grenades—gray tin cans banded with purple stripes.

Beside him, Corporal Norbert looked petulantly at his own bicycle, which he had not yet mounted. "I haven't ridden one of these things in years," he said. "I don't know if I can make it."

"Would you rather walk?" Powell demanded.

Norbert was surprised and hurt. "Why no, sir."

Crimmins asked, "We're to let go with these things, these grenades, as soon as we hear the rest of you. Is that right, sir?"

"*If* you hear us. We're going to try and approach silently, you know."

Crimmins laughed cheerfully. "Yes, sir."

"What I mean is, be sure it's us. The woods are full of noises at night and I don't want you letting go of the grenades at the first sound you hear. Have either of you been in the woods at night before?"

They looked at each other. Crimmins said, "I was camping once."

"Just be sure it's a human noise," Powell told them. "After all, this is training for you, too. Training in detecting enemy patrols. If you fire before we're on you, you'll be exposing your own position."

They nodded agreement with the faint look of bewilderment in their eyes that Powell was becoming used to around Clerks' School.

"O.K., get going," Powell said, and the two noncoms cycled off, Norbert wobbling a bit and pedalling too hard.

The Lieutenant remained for a moment, looking at the row on row of barracks and the pine trees rising among them. He heard the cadenced shout of marching men and turned as a company approached. The men were tired but fit-looking. From the blanket rolls on their backs, Powell knew they were coming in from a bivouac. At their side moved a tanned young officer carrying a peeled switch that he struck smartly against his leggings. "Cover off there!" the officer shouted. "Pick up the step! Get those arms swinging! Hup, two, three, four . . ."

Powell looked after him with a stirring of envy. He was trim, incisive, his commands cracked out sharply and knowledgeably. You could see this officer advancing under fire, alert and unperturbed. He would know what he was doing, or at least his men would believe he did. Powell still had to pause a moment when facing troops before giving a command to right or left.

THE company moved off down the road and Powell turned back into the office. It was quiet and deserted, empty of the daytime clatter of machines from the typewriter classroom behind it, and pleasantly empty, too, of the voices of noncom instructors who too often, thought Powell, were a little disgruntled, like Corporal Norbert. What a way to fight a war, he thought, and sat down again to the sketch map he had been working on.

There was a footstep on the porch, the screen door banged, and a voice said, sharply, "Hiding in the dark, eh? What black deeds are you up to, Powell?"

It was Lieutenant McQuarry, a dark, restless man who was carrying in his back bomb fragments from Pearl Harbor. McQuarry was attached to the Clerks' School to teach physical training, and hated it.

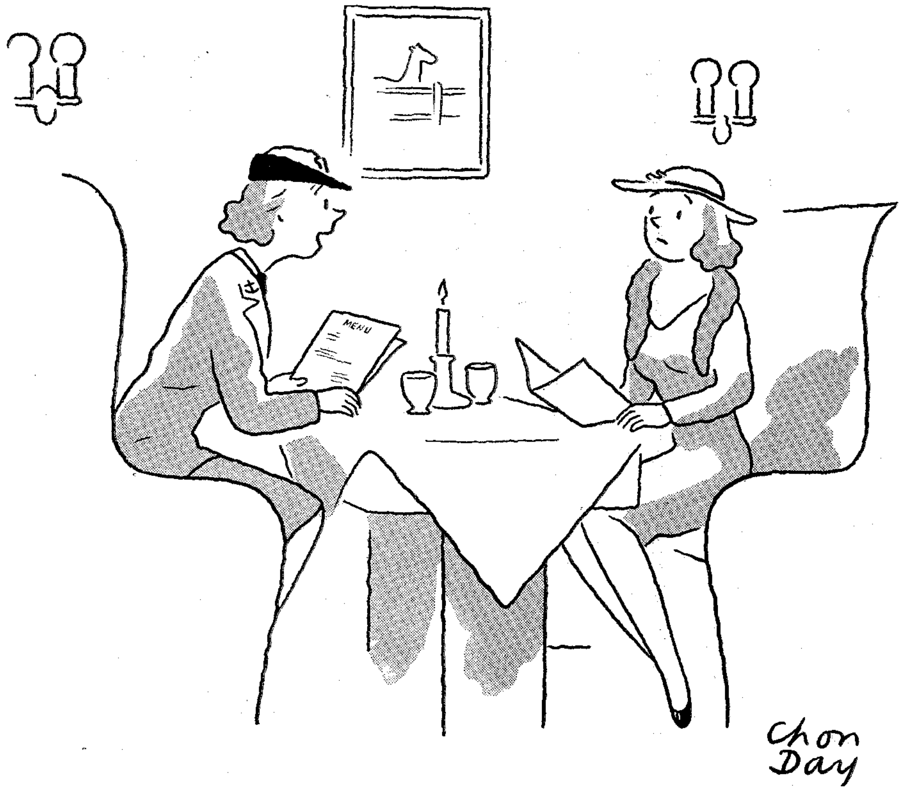
"Oh, hello, Mac," said Powell, wearing the stiff smile he used when ill at ease.

"Why the cowboy getup?" asked McQuarry, indicating Powell's fatigue uniform. Then he leaned over and examined the sketch map. " 'Enemy machine guns reported here,' " he read aloud, and stared at Powell in mock wonderment. "What goes on? Are you planning a march on Washington?"

Powell swallowed, still smiling. "I'm taking some of the men out on patrol operations tonight."

"What in hell do you know about patrol operations?" McQuarry asked genially. Then he laughed. "Here they come—the Clerks' School Commandos."

Through the open door Powell could see his detail of thirteen men approaching. Their squad leader was calling cadence but they were not in step. Powell stood up, folding his sketch. McQuarry's amused glance returned to



"Go ahead and tell me what she said. I can keep a secret now."

• •

him. "You look like something out of the comic books—'Flash' Powell, the Avenger. With one blow of his powerful fist he rocks Berchtesgaden to its foundations."

"Well, so long, Mac," Powell said.

"Oh, my God!" said McQuarry, looking out the door. It was the detail. The squad leader had given "By the left flank, march," and they had messed it up badly. McQuarry shook his head. "A Boy Scout camp if I ever saw one."

Powell went out to the road and at his appearance the detail came hastily to attention. "You looked damned rotten coming over here," Powell said coldly. "You're going to do a hell of a lot better or I'll have you here every night this week. I want you to remember you're soldiers as well as clerks and, by God, you're going to learn to look and act like soldiers."

They were all sober now and staring straight ahead of them. Powell studied them and said, "Burke, why aren't you in fatigues?"

Burke, a thin, ungainly young man in the rear rank, said, "I have only one pair, sir, and they're in the laundry."

"Couldn't you borrow any?"

"No, sir."

Damn, thought Powell, I hate to run him through woods and swamp in his khakis. For a moment he thought of telling Burke to return to his barracks, but, conscious of McQuarry's amused presence in the doorway, he said, "All right, you'll just have to manage. Attention! Right . . . face! . . . Forward . . . march!"

HE took them a few hundred yards down the road and then out across country, past the smoldering stump fires left by the workmen who were clearing the forest to extend the training area. The whole west was lit by the setting sun but twilight was gathering on the earth. As they picked their way over the rutted ground, Powell found a switch and peeled it thoughtfully with his thumbnail.

They came to a small rise in the flat ground and he led his detail up it and halted. They grouped around him, still looking chastened as he spread his map on the ground and placed pebbles on each corner. He crouched above the map, breathing deeply and looking around the parabola of hills. A plane drifted against the sky, too distant for them to distinguish its motor, and, far off across the plain, a company was moving in. This could be anywhere. Tunisia, the green hell of New Guinea, Italy, or Southern France.

Powell looked around at his men and, in the growing dusk, he no longer saw the callow, unformed faces that he lectured to each day but the purposeful faces of soldiers.

He said gravely, "Our mission tonight is reconnaissance. We are to penetrate the enemy's lines and learn whatever we can of his dispositions. We will not fire except if attacked, for our only purpose is to obtain information for our Intelligence. Therefore absolute quiet must be maintained." He paused. "Do any of you know how to walk in the woods?"

"Yes, sir," said Morris. "Step high and put your heel down first."

"That's right." Powell indicated a spot on the map with his stick. "This is where we are now. I've outlined the route we'll follow. This first road here marks the end of our outpost lines. Beyond that we'll be in no man's land and apt to run into enemy patrols. Silence is essential. If you have any coughing to do, do it before we reach that road, and—"

"Sir, you can stop a cough by pressing your Adam's apple," Morris said.

"Yes," said Powell, looking at Morris. "The country beyond the road is wooded and marshy. Then there's another road, here, which is probably covered by enemy machine guns. We'll cross one at a time, at a full run, and take cover the instant we're on the other side. About half a mile farther on we come to a clearing with a fringe of woods on the far side; it's about fifty yards across."

He glanced up at their intent, puzzled faces. "That fringe of woods represents our farthest penetration. We will crawl across the clearing and discover if the enemy has any installations in the fringe of woods. Then we'll reassemble and return. Have you got that?"

They nodded and Powell said, "Since silence is of such vital importance, I won't give any verbal commands. Instead . . . " He rapped on his legging twice with his stick, paused, rapped twice more. "Does anyone know what that means?"

"It means danger, take cover," said Morris.

Powell looked at his stick. "How do you know that?" he asked.

"I guess I saw the same training film you did, sir. The one about Corporal Ramsey and his reconnaissance patrol."

Lieutenant Powell cleared his throat. "Did any of the rest of you see that film?"

Brockhaus and Clinger had, Peterson thought he had, the others shook their heads.

"It's one of the best, and newest, films on scouting that we have," Powell began, then saw that Morris had his hand up. "What is it, Morris?"

"Sir, our lieutenant said that giving signals by rapping was too noisy. He said you shouldn't wear leggings when scouting, either, that they made too much noise when bushes scraped against them."

"How did your lieutenant suggest giving commands?" Powell asked coldly.

"By hand signals, sir, like in extended-order drill."

Brockhaus said, "You couldn't see hand signals at night."

"If it's that dark you should give signals by pressure. Rapping makes too much noise."

"Oh, pipe down, Morris," someone said.

Morris turned to him. "Our lieutenant was from the infantry—"

"At ease," said Powell. Then, "Tonight we'll give our signals by rapping."

"Sure," agreed Brockhaus, "there isn't any real enemy out there anyhow."

Oh, Lord, thought Powell.

After giving them the signals for halt, advance, for right and left, Powell straightened. "Remember, after we cross the first road we're in enemy territory and I want absolute quiet. Brockhaus, you're to be corporal of the first squad—take Graves, Peterson, Morris, and Pelozzi. Clinger, you take charge of the second—Settje, Alvarez, Mulroy, and Bascombe. Adams and Shapiro will be liaison between the two squads. Oh, and Burke. Well, since you're not in fatigues, you trail behind as rear guard. You don't have to flop when we do, but be quiet."

"Yes, sir," said Burke, bobbing his head.

THEY went forward toward the dark wood, two diamond-shaped squads moving across a meadow with exaggerated stealth. Within the woods, darkness settled over them quickly and the men filtered between the trees, betraying their presence only as moving shadows or by the break of underbrush and the rustle of leaves. Powell rapped three times and they bore off to the left; he rapped once and they froze in their tracks. He rapped to continue the advance and they went on to the first road, crossing it in quick rushes and reforming on the other side. Now they moved with greater caution. They were in a good stand of timber; well-spaced trees pillared up around them and the ground was matted with last year's leaves and pine cones and dry branches. It was difficult terrain to cross silently and Powell was surprised and pleased that they moved as quietly as they did. There was the feel of men around, but little real noise.

When they came to the second road, he rapped for them to take cover, and then sent Adams and Shapiro with instructions to the other squad. He slipped across the road, which was faintly white under the stars, and waited.

For a long time nothing happened, then a shadow raced crouching across the road and hit the earth so hard that Powell winced. A minute later another darted from covert, and another, until, at proper intervals, and fast, they all got over. Pleased and proud, the lieutenant led both squads on through the wood; it was scrubby second growth now, with open patches and some marsh. We'll take Crimmins and Norbert by surprise, Powell thought.

Some yards from the clearing, he had his squads take cover and then he worked his way up to the edge of the opening in the trees. There was a faint shimmer of starlight on the meadow, and fifty yards beyond he could see the thin trees of their objective with their gently moving tops silhouetted against the sky. A lot of stars were out and low over the clearing the lights of fireflies winked. Somewhere in the distance he could hear the muffled roar of a road scraper working through the night. He translated it into the horizon rumble of artillery and was able to imagine that the opposite grove was occupied by a Nazi unit.

Abruptly he looked at his watch. Nine-fifteen. Crimmins and Norbert would be on the alert. He worked his way back toward his men and, with a start, saw a gangling figure leaning against a tree and outlined by the star-lit sky.

"Au secours! Sauvez-moi! Au secours!"

"Damn," he breathed, and then remembered; it was Burke. He went over to him, wondering how to get him out of the way. "Look," he whispered, "circle around through the woods and come up behind that clump of trees over there. Got it?"

Burke mumbled a hushed "Yes, sir" and went off.

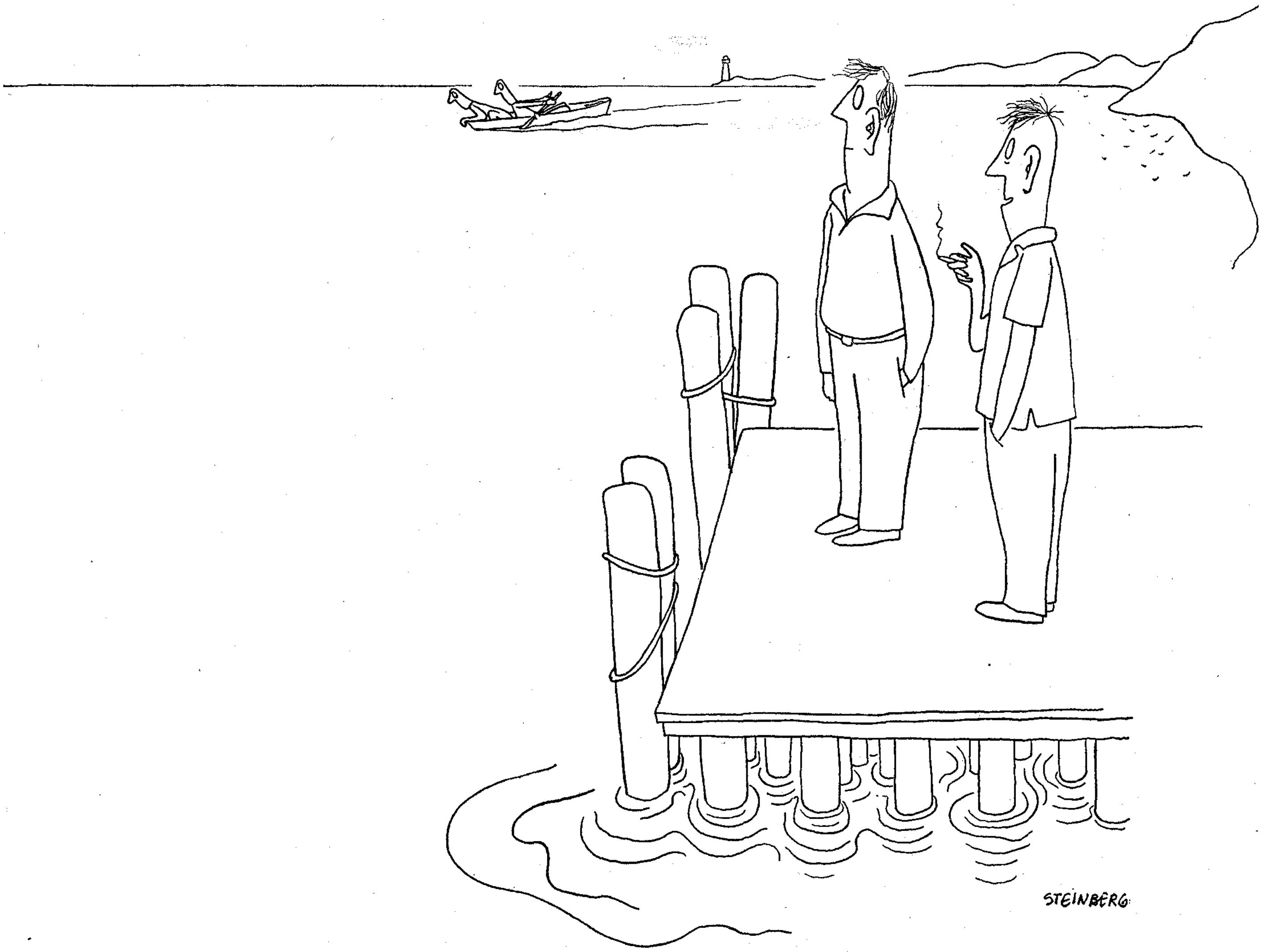
When Powell rejoined the men, he found them grouped around Adams, who had hurt his ear by running into a dead limb of a tree. He seemed to be bleeding profusely. Knowing that an ear wound could easily be serious, Powell unhooked his raincoat from his belt, made a hood of it, and examined Adams' ear by flashlight. The branch tip had struck low against the lobe and merely scratched him.

As he was repacking the raincoat, Brockhaus crawled up and said in an outraged whisper, "It's that damn Morris, sir. He's started across."

"Let's get after him, then. It's all we can do now," answered Powell, but he was thinking: if that little fool gives us away I'll wring his neck.

Powell rapped softly for the advance and went forward slowly and carefully on his belly from the cover of the wood. The sky opened out above the trees and the fireflies went weaving off, flashing an instant of brilliance before the dark covered them. Hunching himself along with elbows and feet, Powell glanced cautiously to either side. Against the low blackness of earth the men could not be seen; above his own breathing no sound could be heard but the soughing of the wind and the far-off rumble of the road scraper.

We're going to make it, thought Powell. We'll be on them before they know it. Then an explosion of light went up before him, and another, and



"If he's not a Frenchman he's certainly an awful snob."

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another. Crimmins and Norbert's thermite grenades flowered up in the darkness in blooms of piercing white and the hiss of the combustion was carried across to him. Powell beat one fist dully against the ground. "Goddam it," he muttered, and got to his feet. "All right, get up, get up!" he said angrily and loudly. "There's no sense crawling now."

The men rose up around him, their faces wondering and surprised in the white glare of the thermite. As Powell strode toward the sputtering incendiaries, they trailed after him, questioning each other in high, excited voices.

Crimmins and Norbert met him cheerfully.

"What happened?" snapped Powell, and they erased their grins. "You couldn't have heard us. We'd just started across." He looked around angrily. "Was it Morris?"

"No, sir." Morris appeared at his elbow. "I was lying over here, observing them." He added smugly, "I could have shot them both."

"Well, what was it then? What did you hear?"

"It was a lot of noise, sir," answered Crimmins. "I thought it must be you. I mean, no animal could have made it. A sort of crashing in the underbrush back there." He pointed and they all watched Burke limp toward them through the white smoke. He was picking wet leaves from his uniform, brushing at muddy knees.

"I fell," he explained. "I stepped in a posthole or something." He gingerly shook a wet and mud-stained leg and looked uncertainly at Powell.

The Lieutenant was suddenly dispirited. Though he wanted to, he could no longer feel a rage against his men for the miscarriage of his plans; he couldn't work up that easy, self-excusing fury of so many officers. Burke was a mojo, no doubt of that, but at bottom Powell knew that it was his own fault. He should have made some sort of decision earlier about Burke and stuck to it; he should have sent him back to the barracks or put him through the mill like the rest of them. And the fear went through him that if he were ever a line officer there would always be some minor but fatal thing like Burke that would eventually cost his own and other lives.

He thought, I'm where I belong—in Clerks' School—and in the chill of that thought he threw away the switch he had so carefully peeled.

"We'll be going back," he said. "Fall in." —ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

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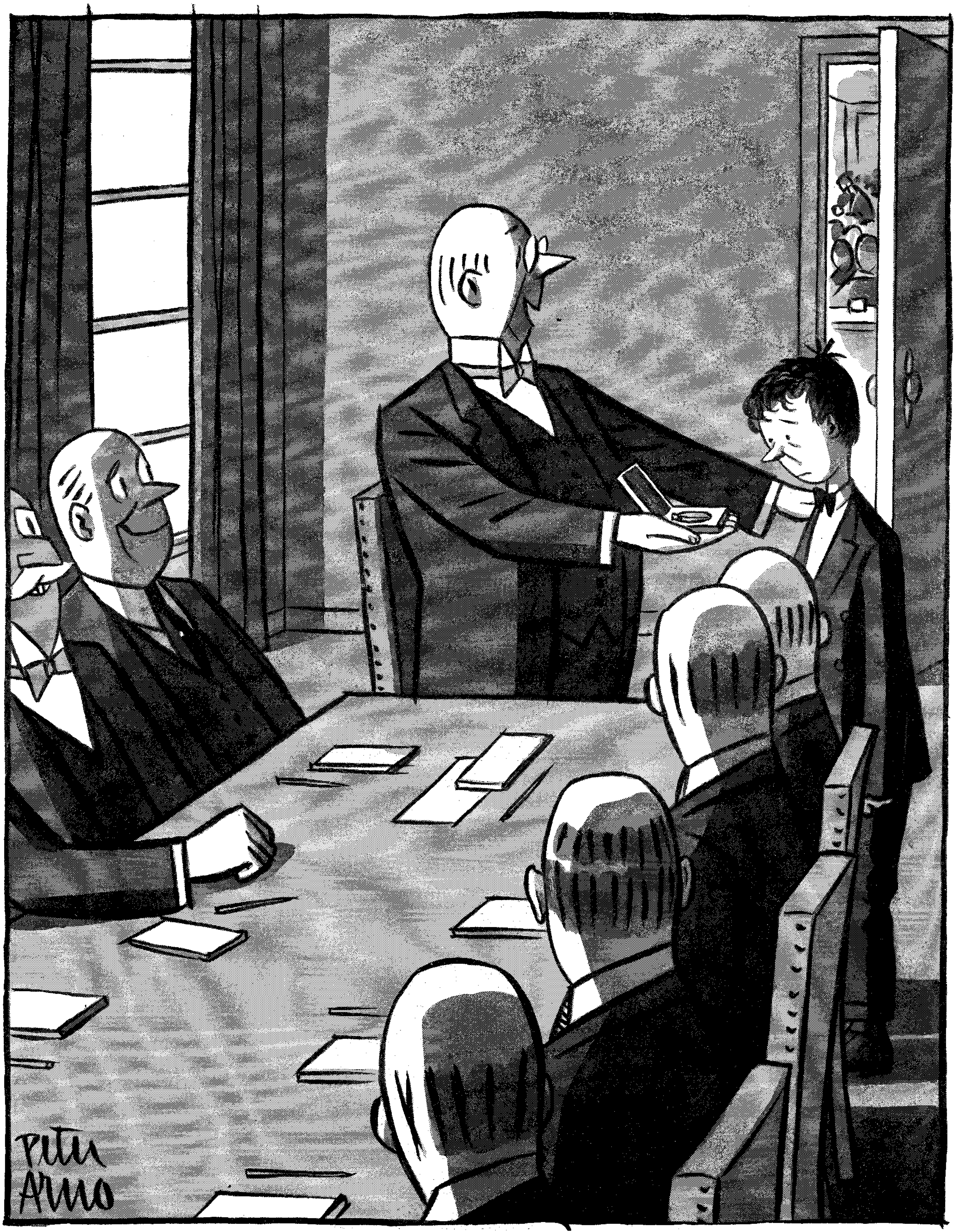
From the Underwear Institute comes alarming news. Unless the OPA acts fast there won't be enough shirts, drawers and union suits to cover the Home Front next winter.—*South Norwalk (Conn.) Sentinel.*

To put it bluntly.



". . . just a little token of our esteem and appreciation of your six weeks of loyal service."

PROFILES

PRIVATE DETECTIVE—III

THE Lever Brothers Company of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was full of agony in the late twenties. Sales of Lifebuoy soap had fallen off. Many manufacturers were putting out a red, octagonal, hospital-scented soap which closely resembled it. Lever Brothers paid the bills for the advertising which created the market for this kind of soap; rival manufacturers, having no advertising costs, were able to sell their imitations for a couple of cents less a cake than Lifebuoy. Retailers got a bigger profit from the imitations than from the original. They put up large Lifebuoy signs over bins; one compartment of the bin would contain Lifebuoy at nine cents a cake while an adjoining compartment would contain imitations at seven cents a cake. Some of the imitations had names like Lifeguard or Bodyguard.

The profits from Lifebuoy were reduced by millions. Lever Brothers wanted to sue but were advised that they had no case. They were told by lawyers that the red color, octagonal shape, and carbolic-acid smell of Lifebuoy were all in the public domain and that any manufacturer could use them. There would be grounds for suit, the Levers were informed, if they could prove that the rival manufacturers had combined the three characteristics in order to impose on the public and compete unfairly with Lifebuoy. This could be proved, however, only by evidence of wrongful intentions. The Levers were told, finally, that there was no practical way of proving that the mental processes of their competitors were illegal.

The old methods of getting evidence, such as bribing rival executives or cracking safes in search of secret correspondence, had been out of date for many years. The Lever people resigned themselves to heavy losses. Feeling that they could not afford to spend millions to promote the business of imitators, they cut their advertising appropriations drastically. This transferred a large share of the agony to Ruthrauff & Ryan, the New York advertising firm which handled the Lifebuoy account. They called in their lawyer, Neil P. Cullom. In his opinion it was possible to get evidence of the illegal mental processes of soap manufacturers. He hired Raymond C. Schindler, head of the Schindler Bureau of Investigation, to do it.

Getting evidence of an illegal state of mind is the most delicate art of the detective. It is a matter of inducing the suspect to deliver the evidence against himself. Detectives in fiction, who use magnifying glasses and deductive reasoning, are day laborers in comparison with the artists who construct schemes which lead suspects to reveal their chiselling mental processes. It takes the imagination of an able dramatist, a great confidence man, or a colossal practical joker to build a "setup" or "layout" which will cause a hardheaded businessman to pour out his soul like a skylark. Schindler baited his trap with mythical soap orders. He invented an anonymous sponsor for a projected national radio program. In order to test the pulling power of the show, the fictitious sponsor, the nature of whose product was kept secret, planned to give a cake of health soap to any listener who wrote in for one. He would need five hundred thousand cakes to begin with, and later orders might run into millions.

Shelby Williams, Schindler's office manager, and a man named C. W. Muller acted as the chief "ropers," or confidence builders. Williams first described the sponsor's needs to a soap manufacturer in Brooklyn who had recently increased the size of his plant to meet the demand for his imitation of Lifebuoy. The Brooklyn man was first choice because he was a comparatively small figure in the soap business. It was thought wise to rehearse the act on a little fellow in order to make sure that it was letter-perfect before trying it on the big ones. After a pleasant interview in Brooklyn, Williams invited the soap man to meet him in Manhattan. It was slightly embarrassing for the roper to represent an anonymous sponsor. Any businessman might get suspicious of the agent of an unknown principal. On this account precautions were taken to equip the roper with imposing associations. The place appointed for the New York meeting was a Fifth Avenue bank, where Schindler had friends. The soap man was ushered into the office of a vice-president, who was chatting with the roper. The roper then took the Brooklyn manufacturer to a theatrical agency owned by Charles Winninger, musical-comedy star and a great friend of Schindler's. The roper apologized for delaying the business conversation, saying that he had to be present at a couple of auditions in which the sponsor was interested. The soap man was overwhelmed at meeting Winninger. The roper pretended to be impressed by the singers but told Winninger that the program ought to have big-name stars.

The soap man then accompanied the roper to a dictograph-equipped suite at the Biltmore. After several highballs they had the second of a series of discussions. One of the manufacturer's greatest selling points was that his soap so closely resembled Lifebuoy that it had fooled millions of purchasers. The pleasantest part of the whole thing, he pointed out, was that the Lifebuoy people did the advertising and he cashed in on it. At one point in the negotiations the roper said that the sponsor was veering to the opinion that he ought to stock up with Lifebuoy; the Brooklyn man said that this would be silly, as the sponsor could save tens of thousands of dollars by buying the imitation and the listeners would never know the difference. On another occasion the roper said that the sponsor favored the imitation but feared that he might get tangled up in a lawsuit with Lever Brothers. The Brooklyn man whipped out a letter from an eminent New York law firm saying that the imitation did not infringe on the rights of Lever Brothers because nobody could acquire rights on such things as redness, octagonality, and hospital scent. Next the sponsor was reported to fear that the imitation was not as good as Lifebuoy. The soap man described how conscientious he had been in producing an exact imitation of Lifebuoy and how he had caused a great chemist to "tear down" Lifebuoy and then make the imitation from the exact Lifebuoy formula.

After the Brooklyn man had given tens of thousands of words of dictograph testimony against himself, negotiations were started with larger manufacturers. Representatives of several important soap companies duplicated the Brooklyn man's story in the wired suite. The vice-president of one Middle Western soap company proved difficult because of his strict code of commercial hospitality. He wouldn't go to the Biltmore suite; he insisted that it was the manufacturer's business to entertain the prospective customer and made the roper come to his hotel. It took a little extra work to get him within range of the dictograph, but in the end he was lavishing hospitality and confessions on the roper at the same time.

Some of the makers of Lifebuoy imitations were fairly violent with righteousness. They regarded themselves as trust-busters and friends of the people. Their statement, recorded by the dictograph on phonograph cylinders, was that Lifebuoy was a wicked monopoly and that they were proud of having busted it with its own advertising. Roadshowing their act, the ropers obtained dictograph confessions in many soap towns.

Another device was used to get inside evidence of the imitators' state of mind. Schindler placed advertisements in newspapers in soap-manufacturing cities for chemists to work on health preparations. Dozens of former employees of laboratories of soap companies were interviewed. In describing their qualifications, many of them told of experiences in analyzing Lifebuoy and preparing formulas for imitations. One methodical chemist had kept a daily log of his work and had preserved the order, received from a top executive of the company which had employed him, to "tear down Lifebuoy" and imitate it.

Suits were filed against more than a score of the imitators. After an official of one company had admitted participating in the conversation recorded by the dictograph, the judge asked if he had protested against the practice of imitating Lifebuoy. The soap man said no. "Well, what is your defense?" asked the judge. Lawyers for the manufacturer jumped to their feet and started to argue. "Gentlemen," said the judge, "this man comes in here and confesses in open court, and you still try to defend him."

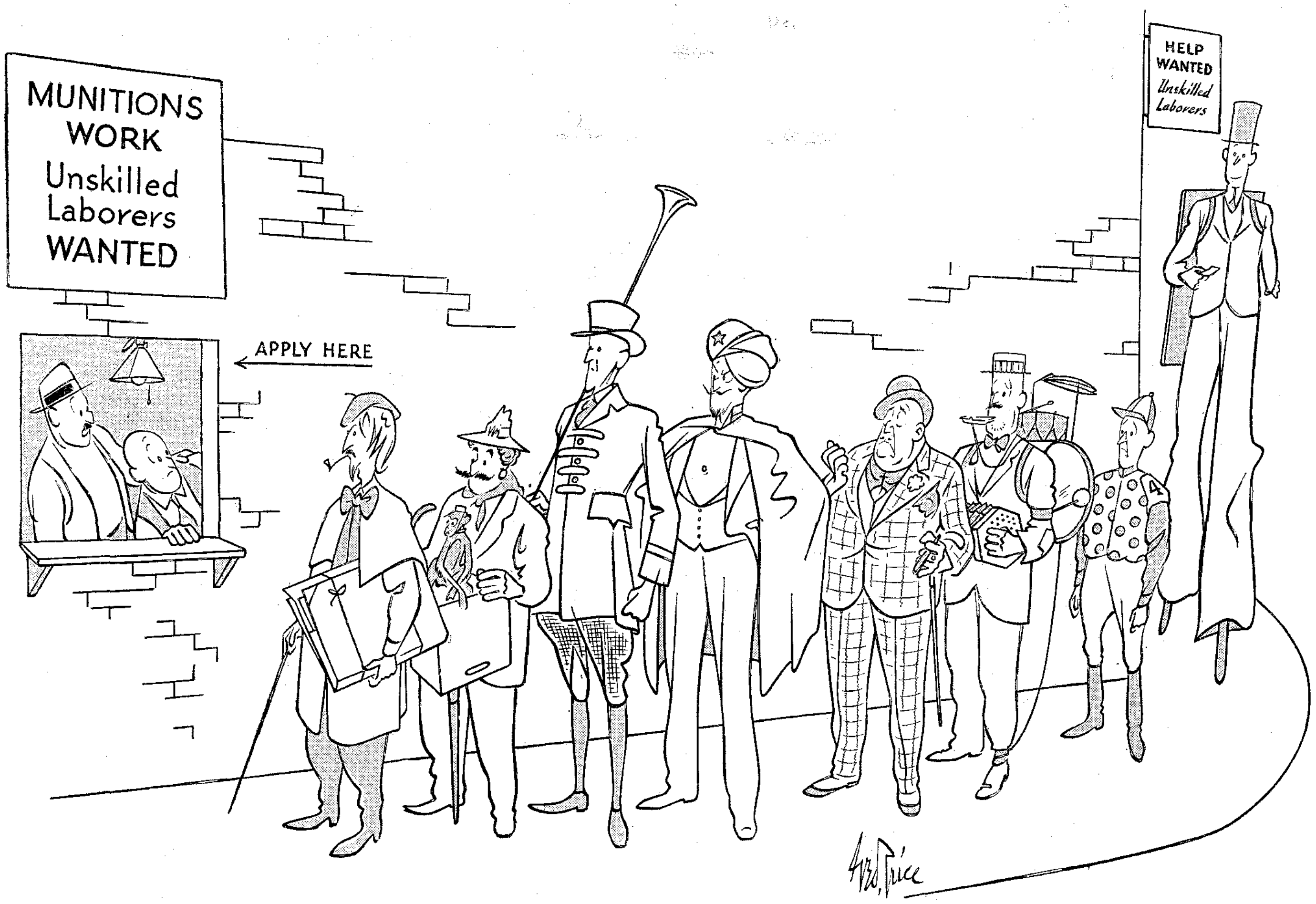
The cases wound up in a flood of injunctions and cease-and-desist orders. Imitations of Lifebuoy went off the market except in cases where manufacturers took out licenses from Lever Brothers.

THE piping times in the private-detective business are the eras of bull markets. Sharpers pursue the owners of sudden wealth and private detectives pursue the sharpers. Rich men seldom call in the police after they have been played for suckers; publicity hurts their credit, social standing, and domestic relations.

Before the war, when big money was being blown, it was blown faster on the steamship lanes than anywhere else. There was nothing in the world better known than the fact that it was foolish to play cards with strangers on the luxury liners, but men of wealth had a tendency to put their intelligence in storage when they went abroad. The notoriety of the ocean-going cardsharp was his protection. The rich traveller reasoned that crooked gamblers could not possibly work on him because he knew all about them, and he had no objection to taking a hand in a little game with interesting new friends. One wealthy traveller, who thought that sharks could not exist on a ship that was buzzing with warnings against them, dropped $85,000 in a poker game in 1928. On second thought, he decided that sharks did exist. He radioed his bank to stop payment on his check to the gamblers and radioed his lawyer to meet him at the pier in New York. The lawyer brought along Schindler. Schindler brought along a couple of operatives, correctly surmising that there might be some shadowing to be done.

The client told how he had met a charming old gentleman, who had introduced him to a charming young gentleman. Starting with a friendly fifty-cent game, the players raised the limit from time to time. The client had a remarkable run of cards and was shocked to find, when the game broke up, that he had won $400. The next afternoon he asked the losers if they wanted revenge. They took revenge to the tune of $35,000. Then they asked if he wanted revenge. He did. He lost $50,000 more. It all happened exactly as the client had always known that such things happened.

The big winner was the charming young man. Schindler's operatives shadowed him to a hotel and learned his name. They shadowed him to a bank, where he made a deposit. A vice-president of the bank happened to be the son of one of Schindler's closest friends. The vice-president let down the bars a little, examined the sharper's account, and found interesting data. Once every two weeks—the period required for a liner to cross and return—the young man had made a deposit varying from $2,200 to $115,000. Schindler got a list of the writers of the checks which the young



"Wow! McNutt must of sounded another warning."

man had deposited. His operatives called on them. To a man, they declined to discuss the subject.

One of Schindler's assistants sat in an automobile watching the entrance to the card player's hotel. When the man came out, the operative pressed a bulb with his foot. A camera concealed in one of the parking lights took the young fellow's picture. It was developed and hurried to Police Headquarters, where it was found that the man had spent a year and a half in a penitentiary for using the mails to defraud. Schindler got a copy of the Rogues' Gallery photograph and of the sharper's fingerprints. He had enlargements made and pasted on a sheet of paper under a huge heading: "WANTED." Under the picture and fingerprints he wrote a description of the sharper's manners and methods. He took this to the man's hotel and called his room. The cardsharp refused to talk to him. "You'll have to talk to me privately in your room or publicly in the lobby," said Schindler. "Come on up" was the reply.

Schindler showed the copy of the circular, which he said was ready to be sent to the printer. "I know that you've disposed of the check to a so-called innocent third party, who can sue my client if he stops payment," said the detective, "and that my client would have to sue you to get back the money and would probably be beaten, because it would be hard to prove that you used marked cards. And you know that he doesn't want the kind of publicity a lawsuit would bring him. But you'll either return that check or this circular will be printed, and it'll turn up wherever you go. Copies will be in the lobby of this hotel tomorrow. A porter will scatter them around the train if you go to Florida. It will turn up in the cabins of the other passengers next time you take a ship. You can't go to a place in France, Switzerland, or anywhere without its following you around. Everywhere you go, people will say, 'There goes that crook.' You can make up your mind one way or the other right now."

The sharper picked up his telephone and put in a call to West Virginia, where he had made a down payment on a tract of timber with the check. He got a man on the phone and told him to return the check. Two days later he turned it over to Schindler.

IN another case on the Atlantic the sharpers were a charming couple who won $30,000 from a man and his wife. The man paid his share of the losses, $5,000, with a check. The wife, not having $25,000 on deposit, insisted that the lucky lady should take an emerald bracelet worth $100,000 as security. On reaching New York, she got $25,000 in cash through her brokers and went to a hotel where she had an appointment with her new friends to drink cocktails and redeem the bracelet. The delightful acquaintances of the voyage were not at the hotel. They apparently preferred the bracelet to the $25,000. Sharpers who worked the ocean lanes seldom cared to prolong friendships after their victims had got their feet on solid ground.

In order to pick up the trail of the pair, Schindler and his operatives made repeated rounds of the night spots which most abounded in engaging scoundrels. The ocean-going team were picked up from description. They were shadowed to an apartment house and watched closely for several days. It was impracticable to arrest them. An emerald bracelet which changes hands in a poker game cannot be classed as stolen goods.

One day the woman, a glamorous and dashing creature, left her partner and took a hotel apartment by herself. She began to appear in restaurants and night clubs with an escort who had the earmarks of a wealthy sucker. One night she and the new man took a table in a speakeasy. Two of Schindler's men took an adjoining table and began to talk in loud tones about a fabulous adventuress.

"Smartest woman crook in the world today!" said one.

"Did you hear how she and her man got that hundred-thousand-dollar emerald bracelet?" asked the other.

Without looking at their neighbors, the operatives discussed the bracelet incident in great detail.

The following day the woman and her new friend had lunch at the Central Park Casino. Another pair of operatives took the next table.

"Cleverest woman crook in the world!" exclaimed one. "Did you hear how she grabbed herself a hundred-thousand-dollar bracelet on her last trip?"

The woman ate fast and told her friend she had just thought of another appointment and was in a hurry to get to it. As her companion stopped at the checkroom, two men in riding breeches came in.

"Smartest woman crook in the world," said one.

"Yes," said the other. "The way she got that emerald bracelet was a caution."

Wherever the woman went in public she found groups in loud conversation about the earth-shaking female scamp. One day she was having lunch with her admirer at the Ritz-Carlton. Raymond Schindler, his brother Walter, and their seventy-odd-year-old father, John F. Schindler, took a nearby table. "She is absolutely," exclaimed John F. Schindler, a distinguished, white-haired man, "the greatest woman swindler in the world! Did you hear how she got that hundred-thousand-dollar emerald bracelet on her last trip?"

The woman lost her head. She told her friend that the men were talking about her. He leaped to his feet and demanded an explanation. "I don't understand you," said the elder Schindler. "I'm talking about the cleverest female crook in the world. Surely that description doesn't apply to the lady who is with you." The man expressed his regret at the misunderstanding. Resuming his seat with a laugh, he told his companion that the venerable gentleman was only talking about the cleverest female crook in the world.

That evening Raymond Schindler telephoned to the woman and asked how long she wanted the routine to continue. "I'll do anything if you'll call off those wolves," she replied. That night the bracelet was in the hands of its owner.

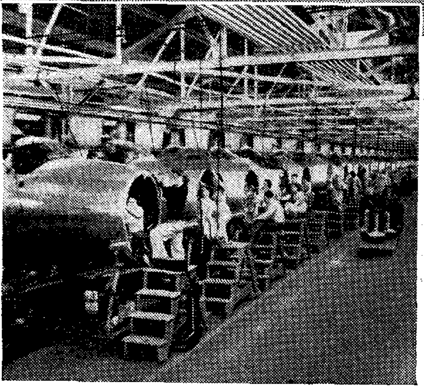
BIOGRAPHY is an important branch of the private-detective business. Parents often apply for quick biographies of meteoric strangers who are about to marry into their families. In blackmail cases a thumbnail biography is usually sufficient to run the blackmailer out of town. Biography is in great demand by lawyers as a basis for questioning witnesses. The private-detective school of biography is the roughest branch of belles-lettres. Schindler's monumental work in this field was done on the celebrated Prince Mike, the self-made Romanoff.

Schindler became the greatest living Romanoff scholar after being engaged by a lawyer whose client, a married woman, had been in the Prince's apartment when her husband and a raiding party had crashed into the place. The husband was worth about a half-million dollars and the woman didn't want to be divorced on a frameup and cut off without a cent. Schindler asked how she had met the Prince. She had been introduced to him at a speakeasy, she said, by a comparative stranger. That comparative stranger had been introduced to her at another speakeasy by another comparative stranger. This last comparative stranger had been introduced to her by a man who had called on her saying that a mutual friend in Paris had told him not to dare to visit America without looking her up. Schindler recognized this as the "switch" game, or ABCD game. A (the man from Paris) had vanished from her life after introducing B, B vanished after introducing C, C vanished after introducing D (Prince Mike). The purpose of the "switches" was to make the woman believe that she had become involved in the royal romance through natural

"I made a hole-in-one here last week—luck, of course."

De Soto
HELPS MAKE THEM
117747

This B-26, badly riddled by anti-aircraft fire in a raid on Nazi installations, returns safely to its Tunisian base. — International News Photo.



Shown Here Is One of the Huge De Soto Assembly Lines Now Producing Fuselage Sections for the famous B-26 Bombers.

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections —bomber fuselage nose and center sections— vital assemblies for Bofors anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks — and a wide variety of special manufacturing services to a large portion of American war industry.

•

DE SOTO DEALERS throughout America remain strongly at their posts of service, maintaining the De Soto products of peace with essential parts and service.

B-26 —"The Marauder"

It's a beautiful and powerful all metal monoplane, and some of the world's keenest pilots are its masters.

At Midway and in the Aleutians, these Marauders carried torpedoes; at Soputa, they dropped parachute bombs; at Buna *"they flew low and fast, their guns blazing."*

With its heavy armor and tremendous fire power, the B-26 can take mighty good care of itself. Seldom does it need fighter escort. It's a fighter on its own account. It's big and powerful and faster than most ships the enemy can send against it.

Yes, De Soto helps to build these B-26 Marauders. De Soto makes the big fuselage and nose sections on long assembly lines, manned by many of the same craftsmen who made fine cars for you every day in peacetime.

When De Soto delivers these nose and fuselage sections, it means that wiring, sound proofing, trim, tubing, functional mechanisms, most of the instruments and all of the controls are in their proper place.

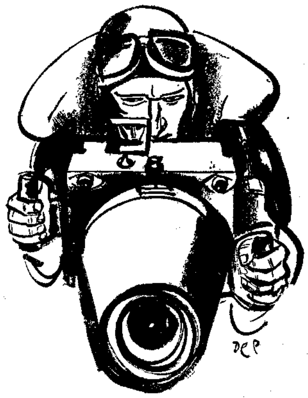
De Soto takes pride in the fame of these B-26 Marauders as reports from the battle fronts tell of their terrific striking power, their fleetness, maneuverability, and success.

WAR BONDS
They are Your Personal Investment in Victory

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION causes. She might have had misgivings about A and B but would not be likely to see through the series of seemingly casual introductions which threw her into the arms of the titled Muscovite.

Schindler had never heard of Romanoff. It was the Prince's weakness for fine photographic studies of himself which betrayed him into the biographer's hands. A camera portrait which the vivacious potentate had had on display in his apartment was found to be by the late Pirie McDonald. McDonald had an explicit recollection of the sitter. A character-reading physiognomist, he had studied the wrinkles about the eyes and nose as the Prince chatted about his pal David, the Prince of Wales. To McDonald the wrinkles were hieroglyphics which spelled "l-i-a-r." He instructed his secretary to insist on cash from the sawed-off aristocrat. The secretary did insist on cash, but Mike gave her charm and a phony check. He did a stretch in the Tombs for it.

McDonald showed Schindler a telegram from a Kansas City paper asking whether the Prince was genuine or not. Schindler wired an associate in Kansas City to investigate. The first report from the associate described Mike's classic exploit. Entering a pawnshop there with a railroad baggage check for his trunk, the Prince had described the contents so appetizingly that the man lent him $30 without seeing the trunk itself. Later the pawnbroker found that the trunk and contents weren't worth $5. Schindler followed Mike's movements west from Kansas City by a trail of bad checks. It was as simple as shadowing a prairie fire. The Prince was traced to a Salt Lake City jail, where $3,000 worth of bad checks had caught up with him. Finding that Mike had been in trouble nearly everywhere, Schindler sent a blanket order to his correspondents throughout the country for information about Romanoff. The result was thirty pounds of biography, on which, it was estimated, the lawyer could have cross-examined Mike for three months without repeating himself.



Social and psychiatric circles crowded the courtroom the day the little heir apparent was scheduled to testify in the divorce case, but for some reason he did not appear. The proof of the ABCD frameup saved the woman from being divorced. The husband foiled a countercharge of conspiracy by getting a judge to declare him incompetent. Romanoff used to tell his friends, "I was the victim." He was deeply in love, he said, and an unconscious participant in the frameup. Later, Federal Judge John C. Knox, who had Mike before him on another charge, inquired into the incident in order to determine whether the Prince was worthy of leniency. He gave Mike the benefit of the doubt. He was influenced by the fact that the ABCD affair did not seem to be in character for the eccentric nobleman.

Schindler became interested, in 1911, in Professor Hugo Münsterberg's studies of the rise of blood pressure in liars. Later he arranged to put to practical use the lie detector of Dr. Summers of Fordham University, an instrument which recorded the blood-pressure reactions of persons under questioning, but Dr. Summers died before the apparatus had been reduced to handy dimensions. In recent years Schindler has worked with Leonarde Keeler of Chicago, inventor of the polygraph, which instantaneously records changes in blood pressure, respiration, perspiration, and heart action. The polygraph detects emotional disturbances in the most placid liar. The suspect may remain silent and poker-faced but his inner commotion is recorded when he is questioned about matters which he is trying to conceal.

When available clues fail to solve important cases, Schindler calls in the Chicago expert as a family doctor calls in a specialist. He employed Keeler and the polygraph in August, 1941, to discover who had stolen a group of old masters from the Savoy-Plaza apartment of Captain Daniel E. S. Sickles, an executive of the Langley Aviation Corporation. The stolen paintings, which included "The Black Boy," by Gainsborough, and a portrait of Charles the Bold of Burgundy by an unknown fifteenth-century artist, had been insured for $44,000 by Lloyd's. Captain Sickles was away from the city when the canvases were cut from their frames. The theft was reported by Marie Hauser, a domestic employed for many years in the Sickles family. Police detectives, who first worked on the case, ran into a blank wall. The investigation revealed nothing against the four servants of the family, all of whom were old, trusted employees. None of them had associated with dubious characters or given sudden indications of prosperity. Bellboys and other hotel employees were grilled without success. There was no reason to think the thieves were professionals, since there is no market for hot old masters. Dealers in stolen goods won't touch them. Years ago valuable paintings were sometimes stolen and held for ransom. Intermediaries would negotiate to have them returned for a fraction of their value. In recent years, however, the law has laid a heavy hand on the negotiators and the illicit traffic in old masters is about extinct.

After the police had investigated for several weeks without any result, Lloyd's called in Schindler, and he called in Keeler. Since the Sickles domestics and the hotel employees claimed to have clear consciences, they had no ground for objecting to the polygraph test. After a few hours spent in questioning them and observing the record of their reactions, Keeler reported that the trusted maid, Marie Hauser, had stolen the pictures. She confessed and attempted suicide. She had burned the paintings to punish Captain Sickles for uttering unkind words about Hitler.

—Alva Johnston

(This is the last of three articles on Mr. Schindler.)

◆

Dear Mrs. Post: When eating in a restaurant, and having the misfortune of dropping a piece of silver from the table, or a napkin sliding to the floor, does one rescue the item himself or leave it?

Answer— . . . A napkin has a way of sliding off and not lying flat on the floor. Even so, it is proper to put your napkin back upon your lap, but you are not supposed to eat from a fork or a spoon or any other table implement that has fallen on the floor.

On the other hand, if there is no waiter within speaking distance to bring you a fresh one and you have no other, you pick it up yourself, and wipe it off with a piece of bread and continue eating.—*From Emily Post's column in the Washington Evening Star.*

You hide the dirty bread in your bosom.

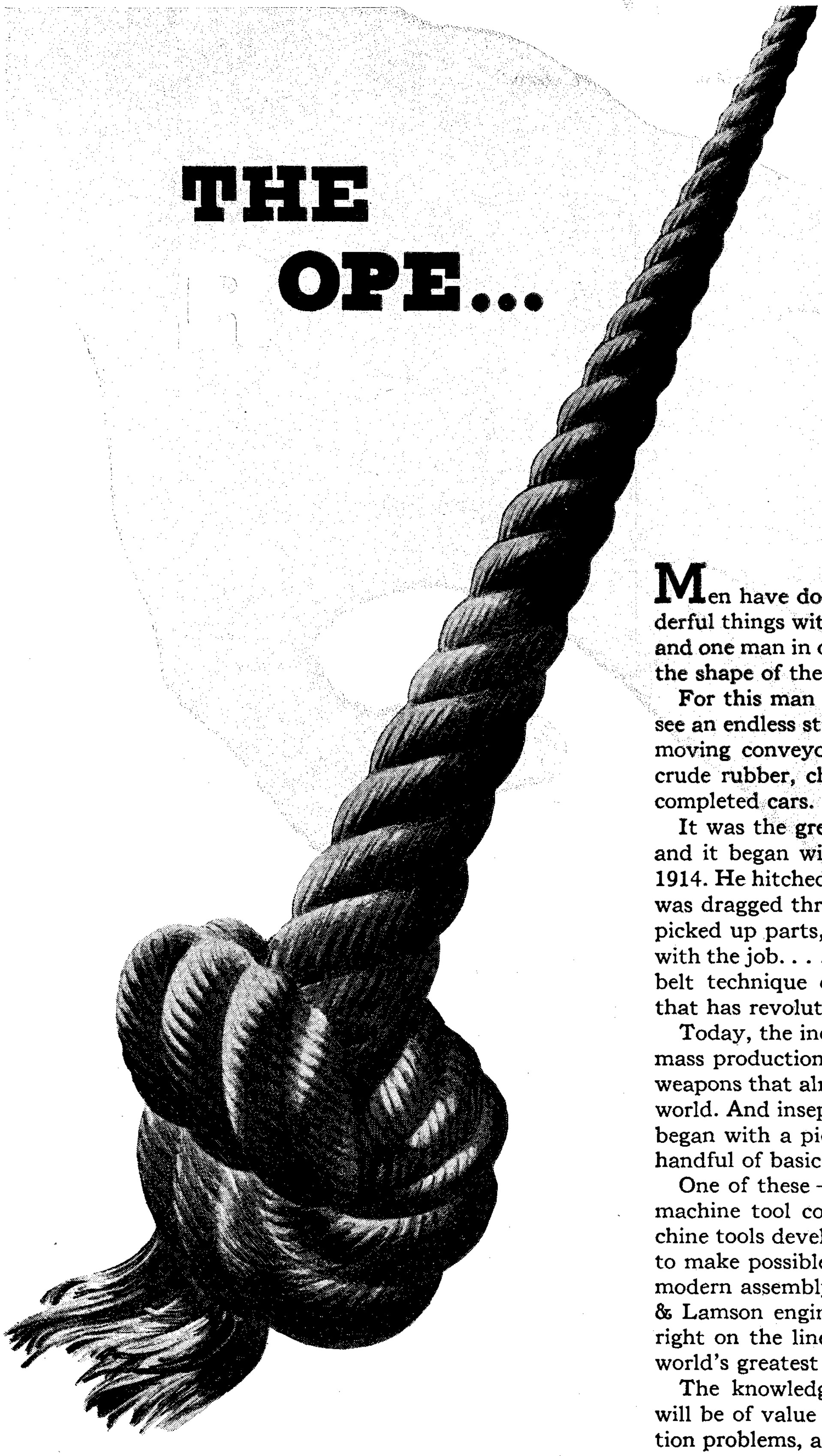
◆

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Lewis Gannett in the Herald Tribune*]

But the fortress flew on with her chin up, like Marie Antoinette walking to the scaffold, even when red flames from her pitted gasoline tanks were sprouting from her cockpit to her tail.

THE ROPE...



Men have done many strange, terrible and wonderful things with the simple tool known as rope — and one man in our time used a piece of it to change the shape of the world.

For this man had a vision. He thought he could see an endless stream of automobiles flowing from a moving conveyor belt — commencing as iron ore, crude rubber, chemicals and flax, and finishing as completed cars.

It was the greatest technical dream of our time, and it began with a crude experiment one day in 1914. He hitched a length of rope to a chassis which was dragged through the plant, while six workmen picked up parts, assembling them as they traveled with the job. . . . Thus was born the famous moving belt technique of assembly line mass production that has revolutionized American industry.

Today, the industry which gave us assembly line mass production is producing a major share of the weapons that already are changing the shape of the world. And inseparably a part of this drama, which began with a piece of rope, is the engineering of a handful of basic machine tool companies.

One of these — Jones & Lamson — is the oldest machine tool company in America. Precision machine tools developed by this company have helped to make possible every step in the development of modern assembly line technique. And today, Jones & Lamson engineers and service men are working right on the line in hundreds of plants, inside the world's greatest industry.

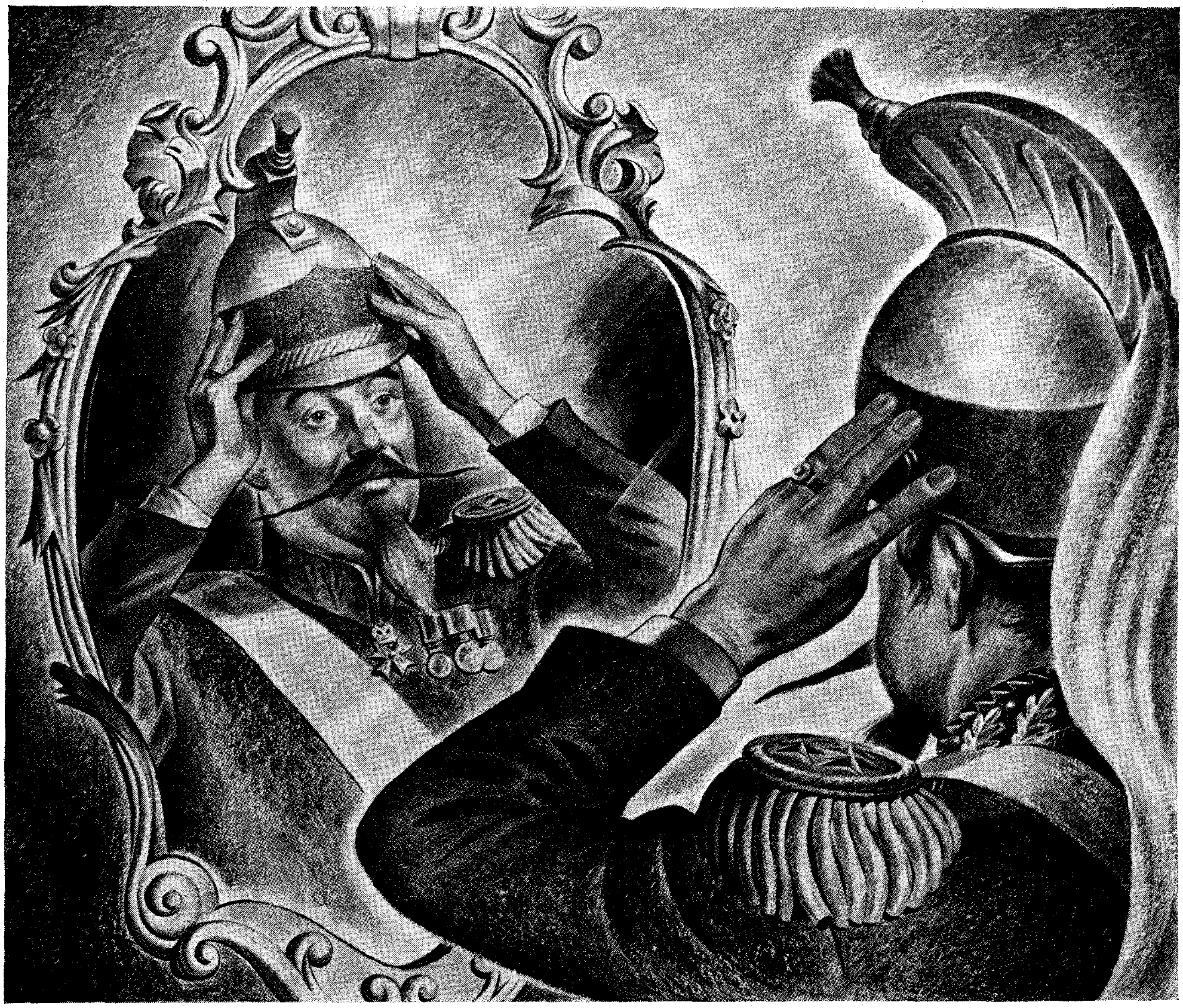
The knowledge and skill which this represents will be of value to you in meeting today's production problems, and in planning for tomorrow. They are yours for the asking now. Call upon us!

Universal Turret Lathes . Fay Automatic Lathes . Automatic Thread Grinders . Optical Comparators . Automatic Opening Threading Dies

JONES & LAMSON **MACHINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT, U.S.A.**

Profit-producing Machine Tools

NAPOLEON III WAS



GET A LOAD OF NAPOLEON. Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, who in 1870 saw his nation attacked by Germany, and 44 days later surrendered his sword.

• • •

In the picture, which is an imaginary picture, he is trying on a hat. A military hat. A hat he never did get made. No Yankee milliners in Paris at the time, maybe . . .

• • •

It is little more than a century since scientists first began exploring an element called aluminum. Davy in Britain, Oersted in Denmark, Woehler in Germany, and then Sainte-Claire Deville in France. Fifteen years before the Franco-Prussian War, the man Sainte-Claire Deville got an audience with Napoleon III, told him about this amazingly light, strong "new" metal, and was commanded and financed to research it for conversion into military helmets and armor. As a good press stunt he even made a baby-rattle of the stuff for the Prince Imperial. But he couldn't get the cost

ONLY PARTLY WRONG

down below $27 a pound, which was too high for helmets and armor; even $17 a pound, which he hit in 1859, wasn't low enough. The research subsidy ceased.

And in 44 days of the midsummer of 1870 Louis Napoleon surrendered to Prussia . . .

That's where we came in.

• • •

Here comes the Yankee.

No milliner he. In the back shed of his home in Oberlin, Ohio, Charles Martin Hall cooked up some successful marbles of aluminum. This was in 1886. The metal then sold for $8 a pound. In 1888 he teamed up with an Amherst lad, and immediately pulled the price of aluminum down to $5 per pound. It's 15 cents per pound today. If Napoleon III had only had Charles Martin Hall handy, where might France be today? Or put it this way: if Napoleon III had only known about "victory through air power" and aluminum alloys, Wilhelm I, von Bismarck et al would have been the tail of *his* kite. The man who gets the jump wins . . . war or peace.

• • •

But Napoleon III didn't get cheap aluminum in time to put it to work for France.

Now the stuff of his dreams passes over Napoleon's tomb at upwards of 350 miles an hour. For about 75 per cent of the weight of an airplane is aluminum. War or peace.

• • •

The brutal truth is that if we hadn't an adequate supply of aluminum today, and adequate skills to turn it out, there wouldn't be any "victory through air power" for us. But we have it. We're turning it out. Alcoa, America's aluminum pioneer, is a 100 per cent war industry. The metal is pouring out of 44 Alcoa-owned and government-owned plants, all Alcoa-operated. Alcoa-made metal is helping to lay plenty of eggs on enemy plants not only in Germany, but in the Nazi-infested backyard of Napoleon III.

Aluminum drops bombs or bakes cakes. War or peace.

Aluminum bombs or bakes—and fast. It gets the jump. It is important in motorcars, in rail transport, in electrical transmission, in liquid-shipment, in cooking utensils, in radio, or in surgery.

War or peace. The combination well of lightness-with-strength-with-low-cost, which Hall tapped in 1886, has flooded out to meet thousands of human needs, but hasn't wet the surface. So versatile that it takes up any challenge; so bridle-wise that it will not be hitched to obsolescence.

• • •

The most interesting thing about aluminum is that it is an intelligent American servant. It's never out of a job—always at work. War or peace. Today, in uniform, it is a fighting metal; tomorrow, in overalls, aluminum will resume its peaceful chores of insuring better and cheaper living for all mankind. Always at work, but never too busy to hunt up additional jobs. An intelligent servant. It gets the jump.

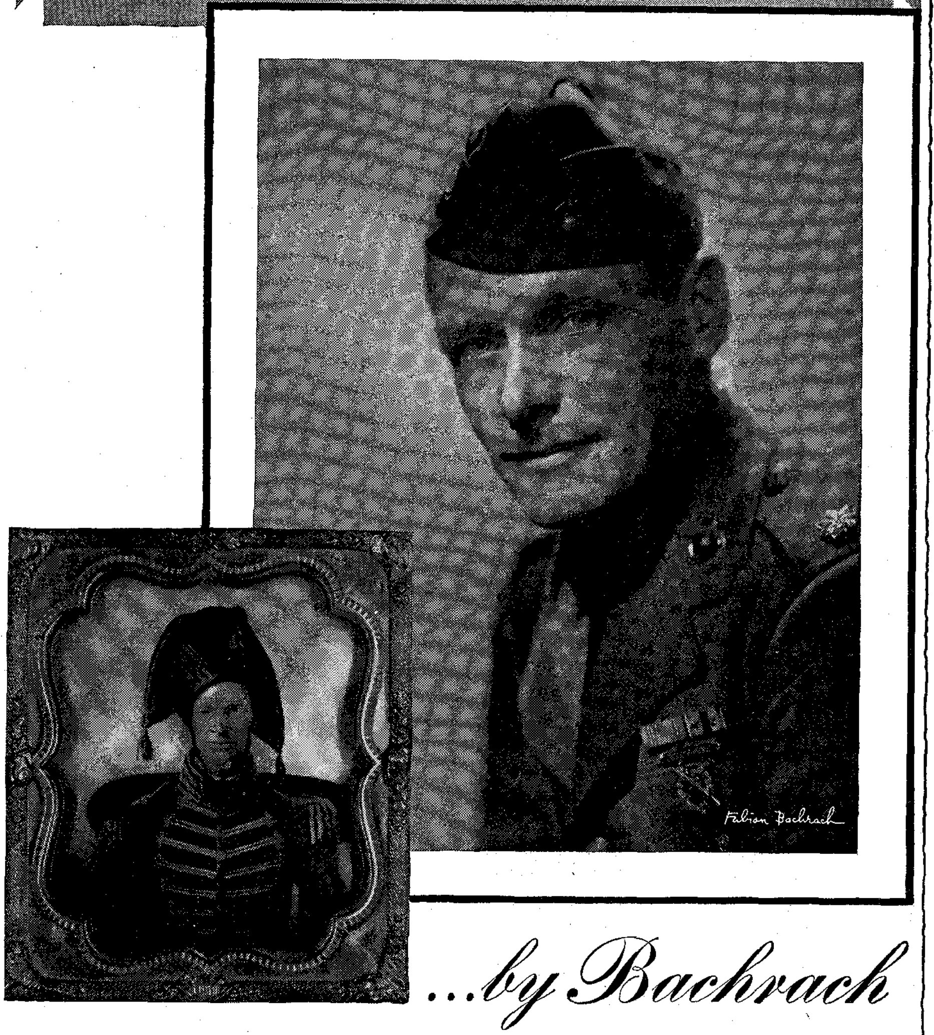
• • •

The extent to which aluminum wins the peace for you depends wholly on whether you are going to try to harness it to a live idea that will expand its services to mankind, as it has done, and frequently, within your lifetime.

Suit yourself. But what has happened in your time ought to be a clear indication to you that if you've got a particular win-the-peace task you want done, you better first give aluminum a crack at it. Or put more plainly, just pitch the task at America's aluminum pioneer, and

LET ALCOA DO IT!

ALCOA ALUMINUM



TWO EPIC PORTRAITS

...by Bachrach

During four wars, over a span of 75 years, men of land and sea have sat before our camera for pictures that portray American strength and character. Your photograph will bring lasting joy to those who love you . . . . and you will always look upon it as a proud reminder of your days in the armed forces of our country.

Bachrach
Portrait Photographers Since 1868

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
615 Central Avenue, East Orange

FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
1416 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge

PROVIDENCE · HARTFORD · SPRINGFIELD · BALTIMORE · WASHINGTON

ROCKET IN THE WILDERNESS

A FEW years ago, when I was living in Mexico, I travelled on horseback with a Mexican friend to Huetamo, a hot-country town where masks and other antiquities were supposed to be plentiful. Not that either of us was a professional collector; the masks were just an excuse to make a trip which we thought might be agreeable in itself.

Tomás was well-to-do, had a very lively disposition, and didn't seem to have much on his mind besides a desire to show me around his country. When I knew him, he lived in the capital. He had been brought up, though, in one of the smaller cities—Durango or Guadalajara, I forget which. He said little about his family; evidently he wanted to forget them.

I was not used to riding horseback, and the trip to Huetamo seemed endless. Day after day we jogged through the dust and glare while our saddles creaked and the sun poured down and the stony trail unreeled beneath us. "How do you like Mexico?" Tomás kept asking me.

One hot afternoon we heard a slight explosion ahead of us—*pop! s-s-s-s!*—and streamers of smoke shot suddenly into the empty sky. "A rocket!" Tomás exclaimed. We crossed a hill and entered a fair-sized village. The houses were made of twigs. The ragged plaza was shaded by two ceiba trees which sprang out of a vast network of exposed roots and towered up and up in plumes of glossy green. The church was a pompous little piece of white pastry. The country all around was nothing but a wilderness. I had a feeling that if I closed my eyes for a moment and then

opened them again, the village would be gone.

Riding into the plaza, we found ourselves in a confused gathering of hot-country Indians, who appeared to be celebrating a fiesta. Two serious old men squatted on the church steps and set off rockets, which popped and hissed and vanished in the blue daylight. At several booths, roofed over with green boughs, women sold oranges, cakes, and bottled beer and soda. Several merchants sat immobile on the ground behind spreads of basketware or pottery. On the ceiba roots, as if on a platform, stood a young fellow in a white suit. He was blowing shrill tunes through a home-made pipe. His music had a strange, ritualistic sound, as if he were a priest beginning a religious ceremony. Nobody seemed to be listening except a youngster who watched the pipe player very closely and waved a faded Mexican flag in time with the music.

We dismounted, and Tomás looked over the crowd. "We'll hire the boy with the flag to hold the horses," he said. He shouted and the boy came running. "What saint's day are we celebrating, son?" Tomás asked.

At this direct question the boy shied, merely glancing at his flag and moving it a little. He clasped the stick so tightly to his breast that it looked as if he were going to impale himself.

Suddenly Tomás remembered. "Oh, of course!" he said. "I'd forgotten the date. It's Independence Day, the sixteenth of September. Let's buy a rocket and celebrate. *Viva México!*"

"Let's drink some beer first," I suggested.

The boy agreed to watch the horses. Leaning against a booth in the shade, we drank a couple of bottles apiece. The beer was warm and swam in our heads, and the fiesta crowd floated and buzzed around us. After a while a band straggled from the schoolhouse, which was next to the church, and began to play. Out of the confusion of brassy sounds, each man for himself, emerged little by little a morbidly slow tune which we recognized as "María Elena." The sun glared on the horns and trombones. Again and again the men played "María Elena," pausing for an instant between renderings and then striking up afresh with a great fanfare as if they had never played the tune before. Clearly the schoolhouse, not the church, was the centre of this fiesta, for soon its doors opened a second time and out filed a dozen youths in shorts and jerseys. After standing at attention for a moment, they began to go through gymnastic exercises and ended by forming a human pyramid. When the pyramid had grown to considerable height, one of the smaller boys scaled it and, perching proudly on the summit, held up a giant photograph of President Cárdenas. Though plainly delighted, the crowd apparently did not know whether to applaud so modernistic a performance. A small cheer got started but quickly died in the general shyness. One woman, who stood near Tomás and me, opened her mouth to cheer but began instead to giggle uncontrollably. Finally she buried her face in her shawl.

We ordered two more bottles of beer.

"You've lost interest in the fiesta since you found out it was patriotic and not religious?" Tomás inquired.

"Yes," I replied. "I expected dances and processions. We've got plenty of fireworks and athletic shows at home. We've got an Independence Day too, you know."

"Tell me," said Tomás, "were your family rebels or loyalists?"

"What do you mean, rebels or loyalists?"

"I mean in your war for independence," he said.

"Oh, rebels, I guess, so far as I know."

"You'd know all right if they had been loyalists!" Tomás exclaimed accusingly. "My family were loyalists in the Mexican revolution in 1810 and we've never been allowed to forget it. They were not only loyal to Spain but they even played informer against their rebel neighbors in our town. They played it very well, too; they were very successful spies. Through their efforts a famous rebel leader was captured and shot by the Spaniards. He's now remembered as one of the national heroes of Mexico."

"I should think your people would have been rather unpopular after independence," I said.

"Unpopular? Naturally! In fact, the new government staged a trial, convicted several of my ancestors of treason, and strung them up. A few of them survived, though, and managed to hold on to their house and money. And every year the people of the town celebrated September sixteenth by stoning our house. It was a regular feature of the patriotic exercises on that day. For a long time, I suppose, there must have been real anger behind the ceremony. The crowd threw big rocks and smashed all the windows in the house while a band played. Later on, the stoning became just a ritual and people forgot why they were doing it. Instead of rocks, only pebbles were thrown, and in the end, if you'll believe it, we supplied the pebbles ourselves—whole barrelfuls of them which we hauled into the street the night before the holiday. I think this twist originated with my grandfather. He decided that the best way to guarantee us against being hit with rocks was to supply pebbles."

THE fiesta crowd was moving away from the plaza toward an open space at the edge of the village. Tomás and I walked over to where the child with the flag was holding our horses. He took the coin Tomás offered him and ran away. Mounting, we trotted after the crowd, which had gathered around a basketball court in a field. The gymnastic youths were now playing basketball. Running with a nervous and jerky ferocity, they were all over the court, arms waving, dark-skinned legs kicking out. It looked like a war of beetles. Every other second the referee's whistle shrilled. The band was still playing "María Elena." Dust rose from the court and floated off toward the mountains in a bright cloud.

"Independence Day must have been rather tense for you people," I said at last. "What did you do while your house was being stoned?"

Tomás pushed his hat back and grinned. "Went out and threw stones with the others," he said.

—F. W. Dupee

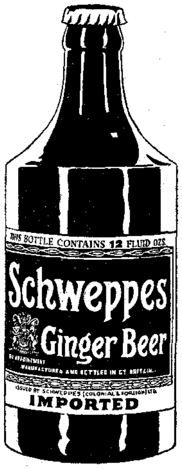
• •

BELLUM IN MEDIUM BELLUM

Said the Board of Economic Warfare to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation,
"You are a bunch of old obstructionists and a disgrace to the nation."
Said the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to the Board of Economic Warfare,
"Your entire organization is not worth eighteen dollars a week and carfare."

—E. B. W.

THE
BEST FRIEND
GIN and RUM
EVER
HAD



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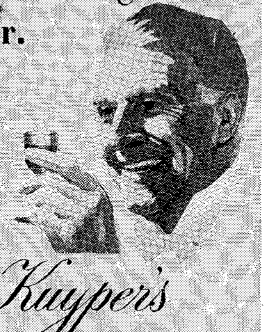

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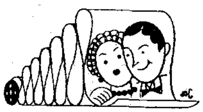
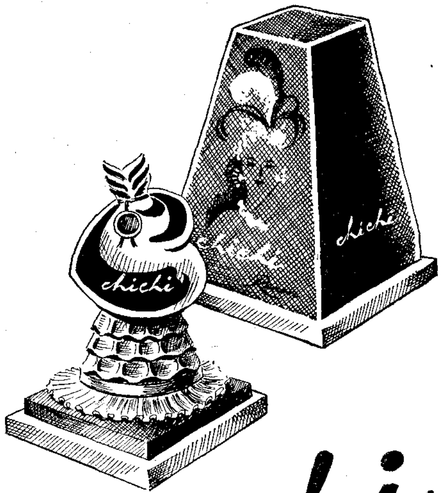
Coalition



MR. WALT DISNEY, being strongly taken with the notions of Major A. P. de Seversky concerning the wartime use of the airplane, has made a picture out of Seversky's book on the subject and named it, after the book, "Victory Through Air Power." This business of making movies out of works of non-fiction requires a good deal of ingenuity, which Mr. Disney fortunately has. He has it to such an extent, in fact, that Major de Seversky is probably a very lucky crusader to have him on his side. There are apparently certain elements, some of them pretty high up, who are not altogether persuaded that we are wasting our time fussing around in the islands of the South Pacific instead of going after Tokio with long-range bombers, as Seversky says we should be doing. Now that Disney has joined him in his uphill battle, he may be able to win out, although victory, even through Disney, is not necessarily assured.

It is only in the first part of the picture that you will find anything like the Walt Disney you are accustomed to, and there are differences even there. In that first part, he is concerned with the history of aviation, which he outlines by means of a commentating voice and animated cartoons in which the characters are strictly human, there being no valid reason for representing the Wright Brothers, for example, as ducks or mice. Then, having brought you through the last war, with emphasis on the birth of bombing, and up to the miracles the flying machine is now capable of, he switches to animated maps, which he uses to show the advantages of Seversky strategy over general-staff strategy. At this point Seversky himself steps in. He is shown in person in his office, where he presents the foundation of his theory direct to the audience, and from there on he bobs up frequently, sometimes in person and sometimes as a voice. He seems reasonably at ease before the camera, and Disney has apparently let him stick pretty close to his own text, which by now he has down pat.

It appears that the conduct of the war in the European theatre is pretty much O.K. by Disney and Seversky. There we are hammering with bombers at the heart of Germany's industrial centres,



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presumably with the intention of following up with the knockout punch of invasion. In the Pacific, however, we are merely hacking at the tentacles of an octopus rather than beating its brains out. The braining should be accomplished, we are told, by planes that can carry several tons of bombs from our own West Coast to Japan and come back again. We don't have such planes now, but we could build them. Although the picture indulges heavily in repetition from time to time (the difference between interior and exterior lines of communication, for instance, is laid before you with a steam shovel), it submits its argument ably and fairly entertainingly. The thing to do is take a good, solid infantry man to it to help you keep your feet on the ground.

IN "Mr. Lucky," which features Cary Grant and Laraine Day, Mr. Grant is allowed to run rampant. His eyebrows and his delicate, expressive hands are given free rein. This is too bad, because he is a good man under proper restraint and can really beguile just as many women when he behaves himself as when he goes in for unrestricted mugging. In this film he has been given a bumpy sort of story about a draft-dodging gambler who is finally brought into line by a wholesome romance and exposure to the realities of war, and having been given this story, he is left to his own devices. Occasionally some lively action or some bright dialogue comes along and he pulls himself together for a moment, but as soon as the excitement blows over, that old black eyebrow goes to work again. —DAVID LARDNER

•

MR. O'NEAL. I yield to the gentleman from Missouri.

MR. COCHRAN. The gentleman from Pennsylvania made a point of order to the paragraph which had been read. The paragraph the gentleman refers to, as I understand it, has not yet been read. When the gentleman from Pennsylvania made the point of order against the paragraph I made the further point of order that his point of order was not in order because no reservation had been made when the bill was reported. So, if the gentleman from Pennsylvania wants to withdraw his point of order, I will withdraw mine.
—*Congressional Record.*

That's what you get for yielding, O'Neal.

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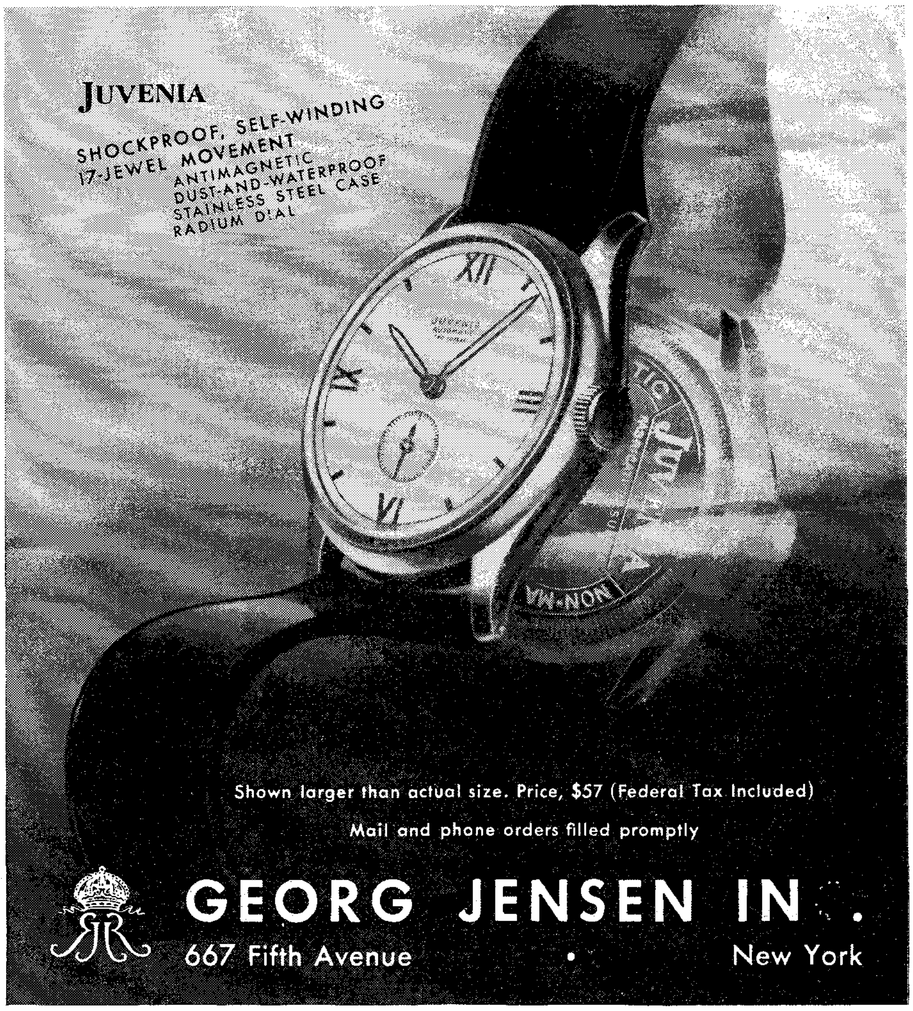
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From an editorial in the World-Telegram*]

Women are constantly visiting men's prisons and vice versa.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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

EVEN before the war people had trouble enough finding the right kind of clothes for summer. These days, of course, it's tougher still, and the situation has been further confused by the early appearance of fur coats in the shops, when many of us have not yet got around to buying our cotton dresses. Busy prowlers, however, will still find a few cool treasures, but they had better be quick about it.

Saks offers some easy-to-slip-into negligées that are charming and a contribution to comfort around the house. If you come down to breakfast some morning in their navy organdie printed in lacy white designs, you'll very likely feel set up for the whole day. Or you might prefer the aquamarine or chalk-white slippery rayon sharkskin with surplice collar and forget-me-nots on the heart-shaped pocket. Then there's a polka-dotted rayon shantung robe here that you'll probably want to spend all your waking hours in, particularly since it comes with a chiffon scarf that can be tied in a pussycat bow at the throat; it will make you look and feel the perfect hostess when unexpected guests drop by. These are all $12.95 and up.

If you've been doing a good bit of your own housework lately, you'll want to know about Saks' new street-length negligées that look like tailored dresses and are useful as anything. They come in light or dazzlingly bright flowered rayon shantung in either wrap-around or buttoned-down-the-front versions; $12.95. The shop suggests that you wear one when you go about your household chores, but I see no reason you shouldn't keep it on when you go marketing or, if you live in the country, out to luncheon.

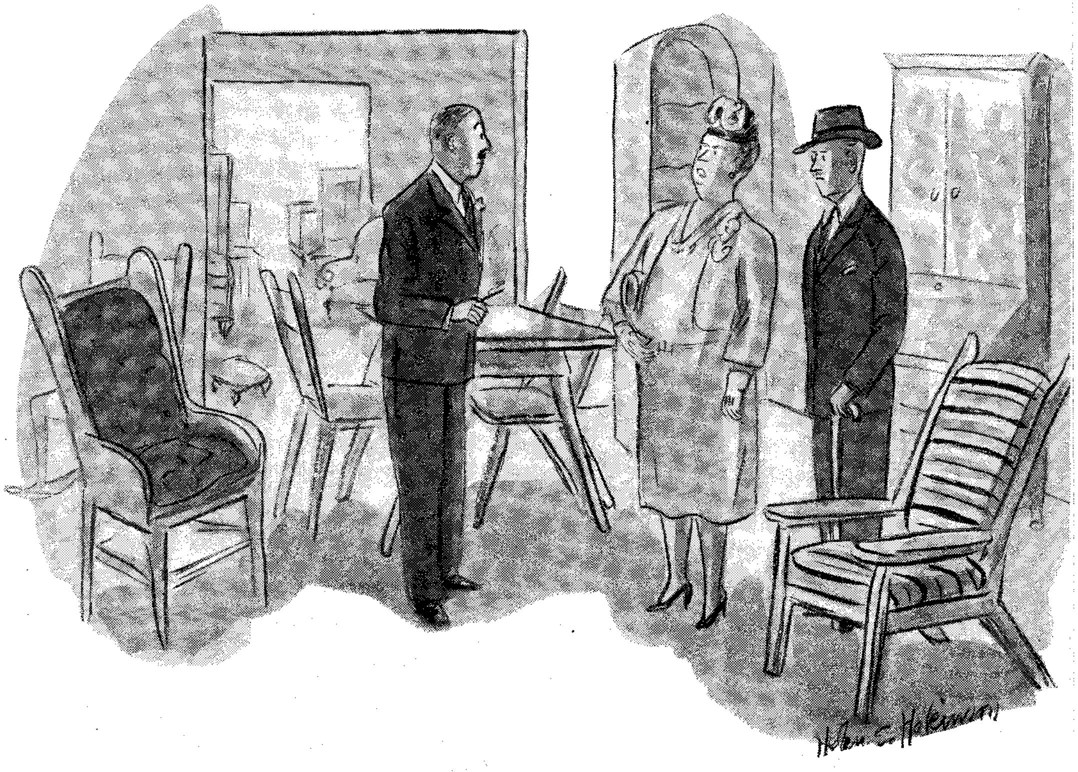
Here also are lounging pajamas with fitted knee-length tunic coats. These appear in materials like rayon crêpe splashed with picturesque flowers or tropical foliage. If you prefer shorter jackets, you might like those in a group of prints by Vertès that includes (with a pleasant foretaste of autumn) his green and purple falling-leaf pattern. All the pajamas cost around $35.

LOTS and lots of useful black dresses are around town now, I'm glad to report. They're slightly narrower than they formerly were, perhaps to show off your sleek, slim figure and perhaps just because the government wants them that way, but they're not of the hobble-skirt variety. Some are tissue thin and fine for sizzling hot days, whereas others come in heavier crêpes for those welcome cool spells. Altman's collection is very tempting, with sheer two-piece peplum affairs that fasten with Diamond Jim buttons, or fluffier one-piece numbers with graceful lace-edged ruffles. If you must travel, a non-mussable rayon-jersey dress with a draped skirt ($16.95) would be just the thing to toss into a suitcase, especially if you're not an expert packer. People who like fringe, in either large or small doses, will probably snap up the short black rayon-crêpe dinner sheaths here ($49.95). One of these has a round crocheted yoke, another is sprinkled with long, slender tassels, and a third goes hog-wild with a full-length fringed apron that spills below the hemline.

Hattie Carnegie's Jeune Fille Department (catering to every age group this side of the porch rocker) has some black concoctions that might well make the Carnegie custom salon sit up and take notice. For instance, there's a black rayon-crêpe coat dress, starkly plain except for fine tucks at the shoulders and waistline, that even the most finicky customers ought to go for ($35), and a two-piece, double-breasted model with satin collar, lapels, and cuffs that looks like a suit ($45). Very shipshape.

For evening wear, dashing young matrons should like the short black dinner clothes here. Lots of them have harem-draped skirts and tops that are all frothy loveliness. One has a marquisette yoke with curving ruffles over the bosom and at the back to just above the waistline, which gives it a naughty, come-hither air ($35). Another dress, which has a yoke massed with rows of tiny crêpe scallops, achieves a more covered-up look but is far from sedate. Carnegie's rayon-crêpe spy costumes have high necks and long sleeves and attain their décolletage by means of jagged slashes across the front.

At Macy black is all over the place, too. Up on the third floor there are coal-black rayon-satin afternoon dresses with V necks, drooping shoulder bows, and twisted sashes that form soft drapery over the diaphragm. They're stun-



"Do we look like maple people?"

ning, and only $15.74. Down one flight, the Little Shops have black hats ranging from calottes to large, flat, dressed-up sailors. Now go all the way down to the main floor, if you're strong enough to face the crowds there, and you'll see millions of accessories: chunky roses on combs to wear in your hair, gilets with frills to give new life to that slightly crumpled suit you were thinking of giving away, slip-on gloves, and purses of every kind. There's even a muff bag—imagine, in summer!

GOOD, inexpensive leather handbags are as hard to find as I don't know what, but Alfred Dunhill, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has an assortment that is as fine as any I've seen. Honest-to-goodness snakeskin bags in several colors are $5. Then there are deep pigskin pouches (about nine inches square) that will hold all kinds of junk, and long, narrow envelopes in the same leather. Pigskin lunchbox types with top handles, straight from England, cost $8.95; the same thing in morocco is $7.95. What's more, most of these bags can be carried all year around.

SUMMER EXTREMITIES: Werner of Switzerland, 608 Fifth Avenue (49th), always a pet hairdresser of mine, is a particularly good man to remember in warm weather. His shop is air-conditioned and you may look out through the large windows at swaying green trees as your locks dry and you sip iced tea. Although Werner gives every type of permanent you can think of (beginning at $13.50), he is as busy as a chipmunk right now keeping up with his clients' demand for the old-fashioned spiral, which he has brought up to date with a new cream lotion. This revival is partly caused, no doubt, by the fact that the wave is wound closer to the scalp than most and therefore lasts longer. Friends have reported to me that this permanent couldn't be better and that their ringlets are so soft they almost forget they weren't born with a naturally curly mop. . . . "Hand-Saver" is a protective cream for you to rub in sparingly but well on your hands before digging in the garden, cleaning house, or tinkering with the lawn-mower. When you're through work, rinse the cream off and your hands will look as clean and white as though you had spent the afternoon knitting. At Macy's, Gimbel's, and drugstores. . . . Revlon's "Victory Garden Crate" (make it timely, fellas) is a realistic car-

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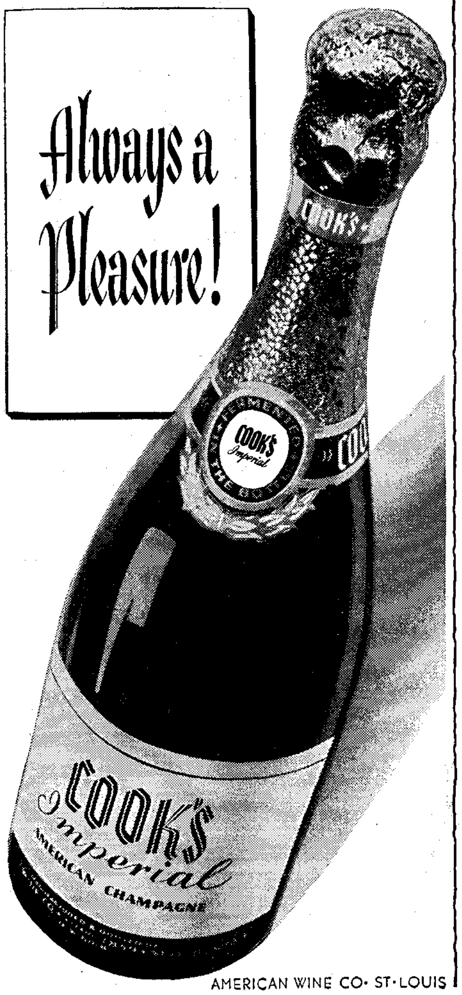

AMERICAN WINE CO· ST·LOUIS

ton, got up with knotholes and all to look like a packing case, that contains their nail enamel, Adheron basecoat, oily remover, an orange stick, and emery boards. It's a surefire hostess present at $1.50. —M. M.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Good for You and Good

I MIGHT as well admit that the so-called stretchers and extenders which have made their appearance in wartime kitchens are not for me—at least, not yet. I'll take my one cup of coffee pure and undefiled, and on the days my butcher tells me I haven't enough red coupons to treat myself to a chop, I'll dine happily on one of a score of dishes which are not intended to give the illusion of meat but are quite frankly eggs or fish or whatever God made them. For those, however, who have sat down to roasts six days a week all their lives and now demand the shadow of meat when they can't get the substance, I recommend a new dry-meal product called Extendo. This contains the same minerals and vitamins as beef and, more surprisingly, has a good taste—a consideration often overlooked by the nutritionists. For making a meat loaf, stuffing tomatoes, or other such uses, one part of meal is added to two parts of meat and one part of water with satisfactory results. Sprinkled over scalloped vegetables or wherever bread crumbs are called for, the meal gives you extra food value, plus a meaty taste that goes well with almost anything. Of course, the soybean, which is responsible for practically all current nutritive miracles, is present in the meal, and so are wheat germ, corn germ, powdered milk, dried yeast, and a lot of other unpromising-sounding ingredients which the dietitians claim will get us comfortably through the war. The meal is sold by the Extendo Corporation, 501 Madison Avenue (52nd), and you can also order it by mail. The price is thirty-five cents a pound.

Another new dietary item, Gordon's Wheat Germ, is a bran-free wheat-germ meal packed by Sophie Gordon, a biochemist of Long Island City. If you are as awed as I am by such claims, you will be mighty impressed by the chart showing that one tablespoonful of the stuff contains as much Vitamin B_1 as a quart of Grade A milk, two helpings of liver, seven eggs, or eighteen strips of bacon. And you needn't try to settle for a fried egg and a rasher of bacon, either; the wheat germ is likely to be with us long after bacon and eggs have gone glimmering. This new product, which is to be had at Altman and at the Bristol Market, 1110 Park Avenue (90th), may be served as a dry cereal, with sugar and cream, or may be sprinkled over cream soups. It can be cooked, too, with stews and vegetables, but cooking destroys some of the thiamin. And this is absolutely all I have to say for the present about sternly sensible foods.

TO get on to more cheerful matters, someone with discriminating taste has put together a line of remarkably fine canned and bottled foods under the brand name of DuBarry. I have tried a dozen or more of these and I have yet to find one that isn't among the very best of its kind. There are some Elberta freestone peaches so well flavored that they can hold their own against this year's fresh fruit. These peaches, served chilled, without any embellishment, are delicious, and with slices of unpeeled orange added and a few drops of Curaçao they make a sweet good enough for an important occasion. All the DuBarry soups I have tasted are excellent, and the consommé Julienne is not only first-rate in its own right but is a godsend for sauce-making when there is no soup stock on hand. Other DuBarry products are some superior Portuguese skinless and boneless sardines, anchovy paste, hors-d'œuvres, and some delicious imported jams. The list includes a great variety of canned vegetables of very fine quality, French virgin olive oil, desserts, *foie gras*—just about everything. The DuBarry firm has a warehouse at 332 West 21st Street (Chelsea 2-8858), where orders are taken for home delivery.

Altman, having apparently decided to make a name for itself with small cakes, has added to its bakery-department collection two new Chilean sweets prepared by a clever woman from Santiago. One is a flat disc of meringue with a sort of caramel cream inside, delicious and unlike any other pastry I can think of. The second is a morsel of sponge cake the size of a marshmallow, split and filled with a cream in which almonds have been crushed. The excessive sweetness which makes both cakes perfect to serve with ice cream keeps them from being quite right for fruit or tea.

IF the present food crisis brings you around to making the acquaintance of skate, it will have done at least one good turn by your table. Skate wings, better known as *raie au beurre noir* by the time they get on a silver platter, make one of the most delicate fish dishes imaginable and one of the most neglected by Anglo-Saxon fishmen and cooks alike. Though skate is abundant off Long Island at this time of year, I have not found so much as a wing at any of the better fish stores except that of George Kuhn, 1382 Sixth Avenue (56th), and even there it only turns up a couple of times a week. If you haven't a recipe at hand, you may want to be told that the *beurre-noir* dish is made by poaching a piece of skate wing in highly seasoned water and serving it with some lightly browned butter to which a slight thread of vinegar and some capers have been added.

Time and again I have pointed out the folly of trying to cook without the genuine, imported soy sauce which used to be found only in Chinatown. Since advice that involves crossing Canal Street isn't often popular, I pass on, with more hope of being heeded, news that the simon-pure sauce can now be had at the United China Relief Shop, 444 Madison Avenue (50th). For sauces, stews—practically anything—the real Chinese soy is invaluable.

HERE AND THERE: Russo Brothers, 1122 Madison Avenue (84th), have a fine supply of that precious Hu-Kwa tea imported by Mark T. Wendell of Boston. . . . Those little *flûtes* of French bread made by L'Etoile Bakery can be had on Sundays from Baur's Pastry Shop, 1273 Lexington Avenue (86th). They can be had on other days, too, of course, but it's the Sunday that is news. . . . Pinesbridge Farm has got out a new variation of its well-known smoked turkey—the same superior meat coarsely chopped for sandwiches and packed in jars. . . . Mansbach's Market, 1372 Sixth Avenue (56th), sells all kinds of fresh fruit—blueberries, raspberries, cubed cantaloupe, and such—sugared and chilled to take out. Very convenient if you want a few berries to garnish an ice or a wine cup, or if you need a mixture of fruits for a *macédoine*. —S. H.

•

AN ARMCHAIR STRATEGIST'S ADVICE TO THE R.A.F.

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The Ruhr,
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Every dam,
Keep on messin'
Around Essen.

—E. F. K.

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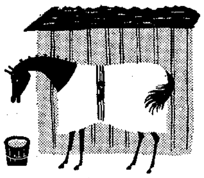
THE RACE TRACK

Thumbs Up and Down



WELL, nobody can say that racing was humdrum last week, for Thumbs Up won the Butler Handicap at Jamaica, and that would have been a major occurrence in any week. Thumbs Up, as you may know, belongs to Louis B. Mayer, who half a dozen years ago started buying horses as if they were movie stars, with the apparent intention of creating a super-epic stable. I don't know exactly how many thoroughbreds he owns now, but he has a powerful lot of them. There's a big string in training at Washington Park in Chicago, a smaller one at Bay Meadows, California, and a number at the Hipódromo de las Américas, in Mexico City. He also has a large collection of expensive and fashionably bred stallions, brood mares, and foals at Mayer Farms, his stud, in Perris Valley, California. But up to the running of the Butler, Mr. Mayer never had very good luck.

Still, Thumbs Up, who is by Blenheim II, Whirlaway's sire, has been a profitable investment. He was fairly inexpensive as Mr. Mayer's purchases go, costing only $3,500 as a yearling, and he has always more than paid his way. This season, although he hadn't won a race until the Butler came along, he had picked up $14,900 by finishing second or third in a number of big handicaps. For instance, in Chicago, just before his trip East, he was second to Rounders in the $50,000 Stars and Stripes. He is handled by Carlton Roles, most recent of Mr. Mayer's extensive collection of trainers. It isn't quite true, by the way, as some smart alecks claim, that if all the trainers who have worked for Mr. Mayer ever staged a reunion, Madison Square Garden wouldn't be big enough.

I imagine that William Woodward, who owns Apache, spent the last few seconds of the Butler wishing that Thumbs Up had missed the train from Chicago, lost his railway ticket, or some such. Apache seemed to have the race in hand until a quarter mile from home, when Thumbs Up passed him easily. First money was a nice, tidy $23,300, and with it went the trophy, an old and handsome silver bowl. Market Wise, who ran third, was disappointing. He didn't have the dash he had when he won the $50,000 Massachusetts

Handicap earlier in the week. In the parade to the post for the Butler, he was the sleekest animal of all, too, merely proving that, as someone whose name escapes me used to remark, handsome is as handsome does.

EVERY now and then bad luck lays a finger on one or another of the big stables, but it seems to hound the Greentree. Devil Diver was sent to Chicago for the Stars and Stripes and Shut Out was sent to Boston for the Massachusetts Handicap. Both had excellent chances of winning. Instead, Devil Diver bruised an old sore spot, which will lay him up for several weeks, and Shut Out didn't run because the track was muddy. He hates to get his feet wet. Apparently he didn't like the footing for the Butler any better, though, since he ran next to last.

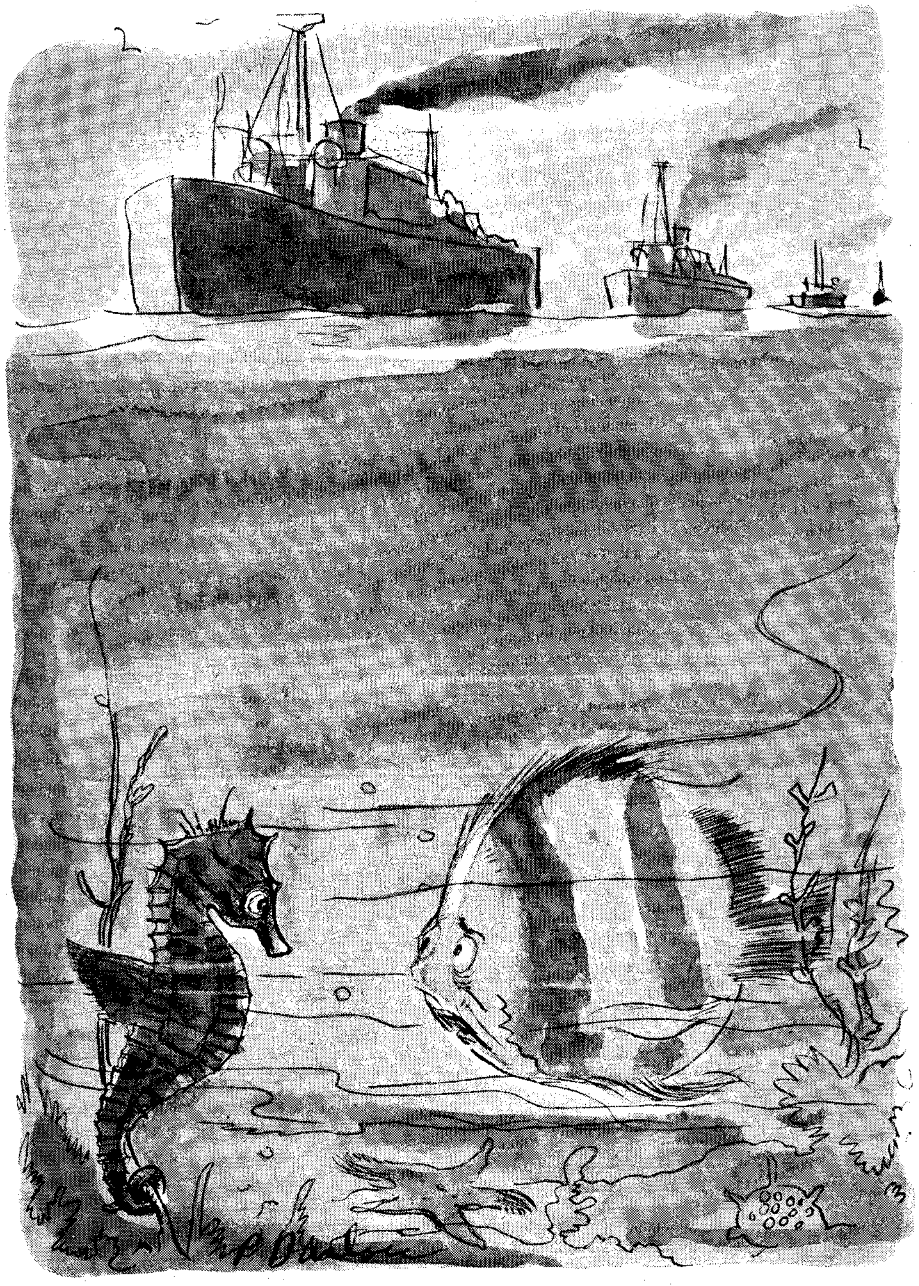
TWO recent races seemed to excite everybody except me. One was the Empire City Handicap at Jamaica last week, which Chop Chop won so easily against a poor field. The purse of $25,000 was, I think, rather too much money for the unprepossessing collection of three-year-olds who ran for it. I'm afraid I can't string along, either, with all the people who insisted it was such a calamity that Lucky Draw was beaten in the Myles Standish Stakes at Suffolk Downs, in Boston. It's true that he was fouled, but then worse things have happened to much more interesting horses. Besides, Dog Day, who won the Myles Standish, may turn out to be something very special. He hasn't been beaten in four starts. Tommy Bonham, the up-and-coming young man who trains Dog Day, has done very well with his small stable. Last Saturday, Star Copy, one of the horses he's been training, won the Hannah Dustin Handicap at Suffolk. That was Bonham's sixteenth winner of the meeting.

COLONEL MARTINGALE's unrecommended reducing treatment: spending any Saturday afternoon in the betting ring at Jamaica. Of course, it won't quite equal the effectiveness of the afternoon of July 5th, when 41,792 horseplayers wagered $2,564,124 (and only two favorites won), but it will serve, it will serve. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Paramount signed the Puerto Rican beauty, Olga San Juan. She'll undoubtedly get a wart in "Dr. Wassell."—*San Antonio (Tex.) Evening News.*

Touching a toad?



"What with all the new ships going by, I haven't slept a wink in months."

NO time for shut-eye at Sloane, either, where skill famous in furniture-making is now helping fit out the Maritime Commission's bridge of ships. We're working on Army and Navy equipment, too, showing that the government, like you, know a good thing when they see it. And just as if you didn't know, we still have plenty of furniture and fixings that turn gadabouts into home-lovers.

W. & J. SLOANE

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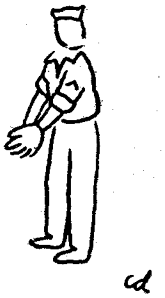
WOMAN OF GOOD WILL

MR. LEWIS worked on an afternoon newspaper in Detroit and was summoned to his office at four o'clock on the morning of June 21st. As he pulled on his clothes, he explained the summons briefly to his wife. "Race rioting broke out on Belle Isle last night. It's spread now to Hastings Street, and they don't know where it's going to stop."

Mrs. Lewis pulled the sheet up under her chin, savoring the thin feeling of dread through her drowsiness. "Be careful," she said automatically as her husband kissed her goodbye. After he had gone, she became wider awake and lay looking through the bedroom window at the pattern of dark leaves against the gray sky. It was a breathlessly hot night; the trees were unstirring. There was no sound along the quiet residential street after the noise of the car backing out and driving down the block had died away.

Mea culpa, Mrs. Lewis thought, and after a moment said it aloud, "*Mea culpa*." She didn't really mean anything by the words; she didn't think she had started the race riot or that she would have any chance of stopping it, but a rosy, comfortable sort of glow spread through her with the thought of the Latin tag. This is how it must have been for the decent German people, she thought after a while. Lying in bed on a quiet street, hearing what was happening to the Jews, feeling sorry but helpless. That made her feel a little better too; she had wondered so often about the decent German people. She lay still, feeling solemn and slightly exalted, until it occurred to her that Rosalie, her colored laundress, might not be able to come. That would be dreadful with such a big wash waiting. In spite of this anxiety, however, she managed after a time to fall asleep again.



THAT morning Rosalie was forty minutes late. Mrs. Lewis had sorted the clothes and put the white ones into the washing machine by the time the colored girl arrived.

"Oh, Rosalie," she said, "I'm so glad to see you. I was afraid something might have happened to you. Are things very bad downtown?"

"My frens din want me to come," Rosalie said. "They said the buses wouldn't run, but they was running all right. The jitterbugs busted out the windows of all them little Jew stores on Hastings Street. The police was riding up and down Hastings Street with machine guns sticking outta their cars."

Mrs. Lewis decided against going to work on Rosalie's anti-Semitism again. She wasn't getting anywhere, and the discussion would take more time than she could spare this morning, with all the children's hot-weather things to be washed. She showed Rosalie what she had already done and retired thankfully, leaving the laundress in full possession of the basement.

During the morning Mrs. Lewis sewed name tapes in camp clothes, made lists, dealt with a locksmith and a refrigerator repairman. The street was still quiet. At two o'clock in the afternoon she walked down to the corner drugstore to get Mr. Blake to cash a check.

Mr. Blake was telling a man at the soda fountain about the riot with obvious relish. "Where've you been all day?" he asked. "You just get up? Detroit's under martial law. They're rioting all over town." His newspapers were all gone, but he handed the man one he had kept for himself. Mrs. Lewis ate a fudge sundae and read the paper over the man's shoulder. He shook his head and made clucking noises with his tongue as he read.

"That's just the beginning," he said at last, handing the paper back to Mr. Blake.

"Yeah, that's right," Mr. Blake agreed. "Just the beginning. My wife was calling up all the hospitals about me last night. When she heard there was a riot, she thought I started it. Way I felt last night I could have taken on a few niggers myself, at that."

Mrs. Lewis opened her mouth to protest, and shut it again. What good could you do arguing in a drugstore? And she needed Mr. Blake to cash the check. He did, and she walked back up the quiet, tree-lined street, blistering hot even in the shade, thinking that this, too, was what it must have been like for people like herself in Germany. On the curb in front of one house a white man and a colored man were resting from their labors on the lawn and eating their lunches. Mrs. Lewis stole a furtive, curious glance at the colored man. He seemed perfectly normal.

Things were worse, Mr. Lewis said on the telephone after she got home. The mayor didn't want to call out any troops. They were dragging Negroes out of cars and buses on Woodward Avenue. After he hung up she wondered if she ought to have Rosalie stay all night. The trouble was there wasn't any place to put her. If she asks, I'll manage somehow to let her stay, Mrs. Lewis decided, but if she wants to go on home I won't try to talk her out of it.

Rosalie didn't think of not going home.

"Just mind your own business and you'll be all right," Mrs. Lewis told her as she left. "Don't stop to talk to anybody or try to see what's going on. Go straight home and no one will bother you." She spoke very firmly, and because Rosalie's feet hurt, she gave her an old pair of black oxfords. She made Rosalie promise to call her up when she reached home.

The clothes were all fresh and crisp; Rosalie ironed beautifully. Mrs. Lewis, who hated to iron and did it abominably, wondered, as she put them away, whether she should at least have made Rosalie wait until Mr. Lewis came home so that he could have driven her.

He was late enough to frighten Mrs. Lewis a little, but not so late that dinner was spoiled.

"Traffic on Second was just like the old days," Mr. Lewis said, as he and his wife sat down to eat. "Everybody coming out that way to avoid the trouble on the East Side."

"Wasn't anything happening on Second?" she asked.

"I haven't seen a thing," Mr. Lewis said. "I've been in the office all day, and for anything I've seen myself it might have been just any day. They say they could see fighting from the windows of the *Free Press*, but it didn't come down as far as our building. I'll tell you one thing I saw coming home, though. You know how you get caught in traffic and keep passing and repassing the same car? Well, there was this car with kind of a fat guy driving, fat and stodgy looking, you know, with a paunch, and his coat off and no collar or tie. Just an ordinary fat guy you'd know to look at you wouldn't like him. Only he had four Negro girls in the car, taking them home from work. Lady, that took guts in Detroit today. It took more guts than I've got."

"Would they bother Negro girls in a car with a white man?" Mrs. Lewis asked.

"They were pulling every Negro out of every vehicle that went along Woodward all afternoon and burning the cars. And once he got past that, he'd be in the black belt and the Negro mobs after him."

Mrs. Lewis saw herself at the wheel

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of her car speaking gently but firmly to a menacing black mob. "I've come to get my laundress," she was saying to the leader. "I don't think it's safe for her down here. I want to take her out to my house until this blows over."

The leader of the mob jumped onto the running board. "This lady's all right!" he shouted authoritatively. "She's come to help out the girl that works for her." He stood on the running board and made a path for her through the black rioters. They stopped at the door of the apartment house, and he went in for Rosalie, while Mrs. Lewis sat at the wheel looking straight before her, hiding her terror.

"The thing that got me," Mr. Lewis went on, "was listening to all the people you'd think were O.K. saying this is a good thing one way and another. All the way from the ones that think a little blood-letting will relieve the tension to the ones that say you've gotta keep the black bastards in their place. Men you'd swear were nice people. Men, anyway, who'd never go out with a piece of lead pipe and start breaking windows."

"What do you say to them?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Nothing. What can you say? You can't argue with people; you never change their minds."

The telephone rang and Mrs. Lewis rushed to pick up the receiver. It was Rosalie to say the Charlevoix car had stopped running and she'd had to ride clear downtown and walk back up on the East Side with her feet like to killing her; she'd seen two white men with blood running down their heads. Mrs. Lewis advised her to stay at home until things quieted down, and went back to the table wondering how she would have felt if the call had been to say that Rosalie was in the hospital or the morgue. After all, it was no thanks to her . . .

"I know how you could shut them up," she said, taking up the conversation with Mr. Lewis where she'd left it. "Just say, 'Well, of course my views on the subject are influenced by the fact that my maternal grandfather was a Negro.' I bet they'd shut up fast enough then."

Mr. Lewis laughed. "You couldn't, though," he said. "If you once started a story like that, you couldn't ever stop it."

"Why should you want to stop it? Would you care if your maternal grandfather *were* a Negro?"

"Of course I'd care," he said, "and so would you."

"I *wouldn't*," Mrs. Lewis said stubbornly. "I'd be proud of it. Anyway, if

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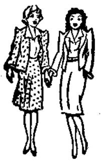

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anyone talks like that to me, that's what I'll tell 'em."

She didn't say anything about Mr. Blake at the drugstore.

TUESDAY morning the troops were in charge, and Mrs. Lewis went downtown shopping. There were very few people, almost no Negroes, in the stores. She bought play shoes, stationery, indelible ink, and handkerchiefs, and tried unsuccessfully to find batteries for the flashlight for camp. By noon she was tired and hot. She settled into a chair in the department-store tearoom with relief, even though the shop was crowded and she had to share a table with another woman. They fell into conversation about the weather, and from that quite naturally went on to the riots. The stranger advanced the theory that weather had a considerable effect on human destiny, and Mrs. Lewis agreed that it might well have strained tempers on the previous day.

"They don't have trouble like this in the South, though," the woman said. "Down there they never get out of hand; they know their place and they keep it."

Mrs. Lewis thought about what she had promised to say, but she did not even open her mouth in an effort to say it. She couldn't. She looked curiously at the stranger—a fat, dull woman in a round brown hat. Certainly she didn't care a fig for her good or bad opinion. Why then couldn't she say "My grandfather was a Negro"? She was still pondering when the other woman finished lunch and left.

AFTER lunch Mrs. Lewis went to a ten-cent store to try again for flashlight batteries, feeling unreasonably depressed.

There were two Negro women just ahead of her at the escalator in the ten-cent store. One of them stepped onto it and started up; the other saw Mrs. Lewis and stepped quickly, apologetically backward. Mrs. Lewis waved her forward, but she still hung back. Mrs. Lewis stepped back herself. "You first," she said. "I insist."

The colored woman, looking frightened and unhappy, stepped onto the escalator. Mrs. Lewis rode up immediately behind her, her spirits rising with the steps, her self-esteem completely restored.

—ANNA MARY WELLS

•

Craig held Jean's arm until it dwindled away.—*From a story in Cosmopolitan.*

Give a fellow the creeps, it would.

NOTES ON SPORTS

Puzzle Page

IT seems that sports are the only current events American prisoners in Germany are allowed to have news of. Occasional sporting information from back home reaches them through the International Red Cross in Switzerland. Well, if the International Red Cross were so inclined, which, being neutral, it undoubtedly isn't, it might be able to work a dodge whereby news of the war or of life on the home front could be smuggled in to the boys in the guise of sports news. For example, a really Machiavellian bulletin would contain such items as: "The Yanks are off on another road trip. Crosetti finds the food like Mother used to make it. . . . In the International League, the Toronto Maple Leafs are in first place and it looks as though they might stay there for a while. In fact, lots more action is expected before the Leafs begin to fall. . . . In spite of wartime shortages, there should be plenty of material for the nation's gridirons this fall, although it may not be as brawny as before. No sir, there isn't much beef around." This last item might not be deceptive enough and could be omitted if experience proved the German censors to be at all wily.

A SQUABBLE broke out among the Brooklyn Dodgers last week after Pitcher Newsom was suspended by Manager Durocher. A story quoting Durocher's reason for the suspension appeared in an afternoon paper the next day, just in time for some of the Dodgers to read it before game time. One Dodger, Third Baseman Vaughan, was so shocked at what he read that he threatened to quit the team out of sympathy for Newsom, who he claimed was being persecuted. Outfielder Walker, in a spirit of sturdy comradeship, said he figured he'd do whatever Vaughan did. Durocher, in a spirit of reckless abandon, said they could all quit for all of him. The cooler head of Club President Rickey, who is eager to win ball games, ultimately prevailed, and there were no walkouts. Emotions sank temporarily to a low simmer.

The moral of the incident, whatever its upshot may be, is that the Dodgers

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are a mysterious crew. There have been numerous other occasions when the antics of this Newsom, had he still been with any of the clubs he used to work for, would have fetched him a prompt suspension and cost him his shirt in fines on top of it, but with the Dodgers he has been comparatively unmolested. He has been known to throw the ball into the stands and walk off the field in the middle of a pitching assignment, apparently without offending his employers in the slightest. They probably thought it would increase the team's reputation for color. Last week, whether or not he was taking a bum rap, it was curious to see his teammates spring outraged to his defense. Affecting, but curious.

Another odd angle was that Durocher, as quoted, said that Newsom had insisted that a certain ball he threw, which the catcher thought was a spit ball, was actually an ordinary fast ball and that Newsom had got tough about it. He needn't have got tough about it, Durocher said (as quoted); suppose it had been a spit ball; the man was in a difficult spot at the time of that pitch and maybe a spit ball would have been the thing to throw. The strange quirk in Durocher's argument is that there is a rule against the spit ball.

SERGEANT JOE LOUIS has been assigned to a tour of boxing exhibitions at various camps, and there is a faint chance that he may run across Corporal Billy Conn, who is still in the country, and be matched with him. If this bout were staged as a free exhibition for soldiers and there were any advance notice of it, fathers wouldn't have to be drafted. They'd join up and leave the kiddies to live on nuts and berries and what they could catch with their hands. —D. L.

•

Men of science continue to tell people when they should have their blessed events. States Alfred Stiernotte: "The best functioning of the body for conceptions occurs from April to July and for giving birth occurs from January to April" . . . A heavy bomber of the Flying Fortress type costs $335,000.—*From E. V. Durling's column in the Journal-American.*

Any month you want to look at it.

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*Pillars v. R. J. Reynolds Co., 117 Mississippi 490, 78 So. 365* (*1918*)]

We can imagine no reason why, with ordinary care, human toes could not be left out of chewing tobacco, and if toes are found in chewing tobacco, it seems to us that somebody has been very careless.

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OF ALL THINGS

Axis spokesmen say that the conquest of Sicily need not necessarily indicate an early invasion of Italy proper. The distance to the mainland is fully two miles and the Italians have withdrawn their ferry service.

•

The Japanese forces in the South Pacific aren't very good at arithmetic. They can't seem to add nearly as fast as our fellows down there can subtract.

•

Allied convoys to Europe last month were practically unmolested by U-boats. Atlantic travellers saw nothing but water, and yet nobody complained.

•

It is too bad that Mr. Roosevelt can't be absolutely frank. If he could, he'd probably add a fifth item to his list of democratic aims: Freedom from the Seventy-eighth Congress.

•

In one respect the Japanese are way ahead of their timetable. They have been in China only six years, but they are already as popular there as they ever will be.

•

People who think of senators as tired old men should have seen them at work on the subsidy bill. They turned flip-flops with the greatest of ease.

•

Military experts say that they don't know the objective of the new Nazi offensive in Russia. The best guess would seem to be that it's merely the third annual annihilation of the Red Army.

•

Americans have been told that General Giraud's visit to Washington is strictly for military reasons. We are not importing any political squabbles just now; we have plenty of our own.

•

There is an alarming shortage of fountain pens in this country. Maybe that's why John L. Lewis isn't signing any contracts.

•

Railway officials in New York declare that thousands of people who went to the country over the Fourth of July weekend never came back. Probably they were shanghaied by farmers and put to work. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

BORING THROUGH ragged gray clouds a hundred miles from New York, the giant Boeing Stratoliner calls LaGuardia Field on the interphone, giving position . . . speed . . . altitude, receiving in turn information on weather ahead and complete landing instructions. Back and forth fly questions and answers . . . and every syllable is electrically recorded!

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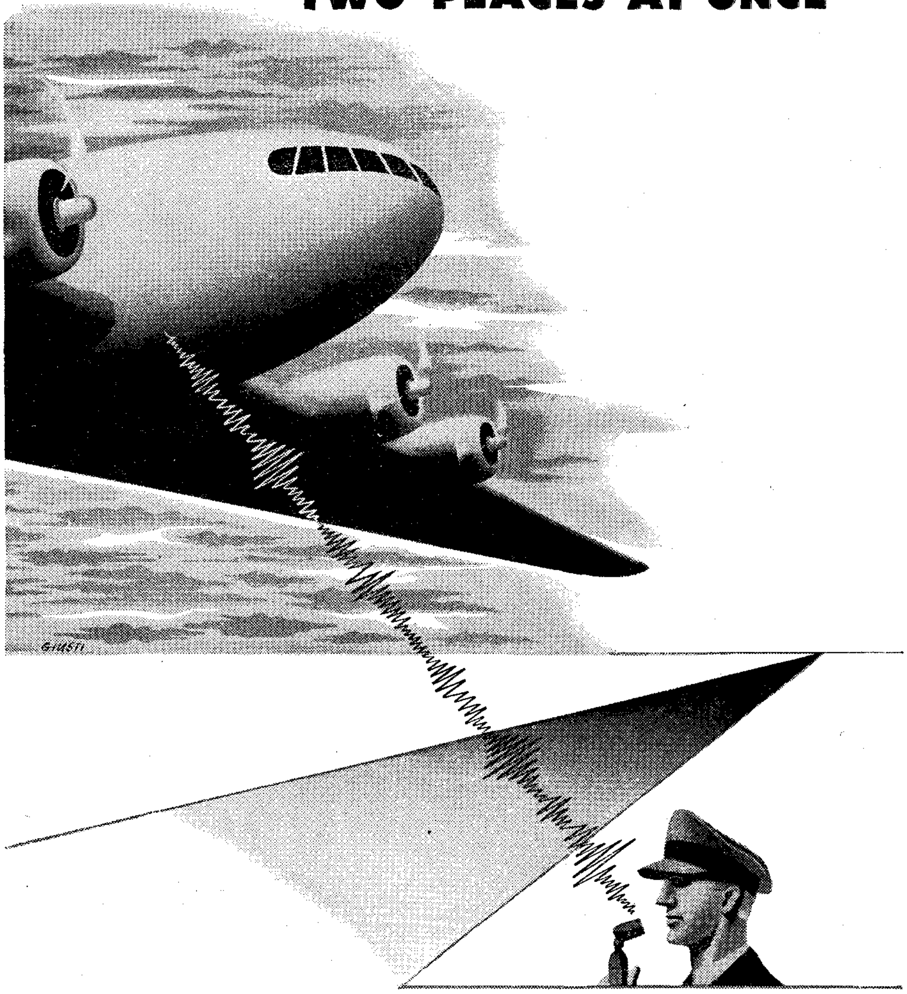

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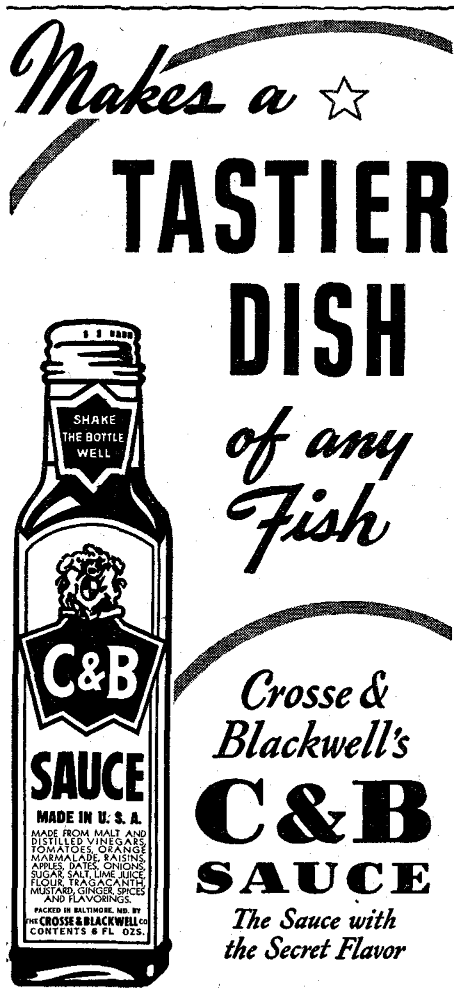
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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 11 (BY CABLE)

WITH his customary instinct for the proper gesture, Mr. Churchill quietly took his family to the theatre to see "Watch on the Rhine" the night that the first landings on Sicily were being made. Less well informed Britons, who merely took themselves to bed that night and learned the first sparse details the following morning, were relieved to hear that something had finally happened to take their minds off last week's uneasy watch on the upper Donetz. Ever since the new German attack on Russia began, Londoners have been fretful at finding themselves back on the sidelines while a pal did all the fighting. Reading between the lines, most people felt that the Russian battle wasn't going nearly so well as they would have liked. That uneasiness is now past. The popular impatience for the Allies to catch up with the timetable may have been increased by recent newspaper stories, which gave the impression that air bombardment had softened Sicily weeks ago into a pat of butter meekly waiting for the Allied knife. The first communiqué, with its bleak warning that the operation wasn't likely to prove such a pushover, was therefore a sobering check to any premature optimism.

EARLIER in the week, General Sikorski's death had been lamented as a disaster not only to the Allies in their conduct of the war but to the whole world after the war. A great many people wish that his particular brand of disinterested statesmanship was right now unravelling the unhappy French political tangle, which seems to be causing as much impassioned discussion as the Soviet-Polish affair a while back. Those who tried to understand the situation in Algiers and the scrappings among the factions of the all too aptly named Fighting French that preceded General Giraud's visit to the United States didn't succeed very well. They are not at all comforted by the new turn of events. It is difficult, as they point out, to see exactly what will be accomplished by putting an ocean between the two principal protagonists.

Last week,in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Secretary for the Ministry of Information was given a rough ride because of the government's suppression of a de Gaullist newspaper, *La Marseillaise*, which was published in London. Members pointed out that the extinguishing of this publication, accomplished by the simple method of withholding its supply of paper, looked unpleasantly like political maneuvering, especially since the anti-Russian Polish news sheets printed here have been allowed to get off with only a warning. General de Gaulle often seems to be his own and his cause's worst friend, but lots of non-political British haven't forgotten that he chose to join forces with this country at a moment when bets were being freely taken against its survival. After the death of Darlan, people were far too ready to believe that from then on everybody was going to live happily ever after. Now they sometimes think that it might be better if the French were allowed to manage their affairs themselves.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is another old friend whose difficulties have been causing a good deal of consternation here. The millions of people in England who regard the President as a knight in shining armor, one who came to their rescue in the darkest days of the war, first with destroyers and then with lend-lease, have been pained to discover that the shining armor is not impervious to sniping. Dispatches from Washington have been followed here with as much anxiety as if the battle were taking place in Westminster.

The problem of price control is of particular interest to Britons, whose lives are controlled from the moment they begin their day by eating their controlled breakfast bacon to the time they end it by putting on their controlled utility pajamas. It's a system that has worked well here during the war years and, it now seems, may have to work overtime in the postwar world too. Mr.

Hugh Dalton, president of the Board of Trade, announced the other day that the public will have to get along with fewer clothing coupons for the next rationing period and that very likely both rationing and price control will be kept functioning for some time after peace arrives. Most people don't consider this new tightening of clothing rations too much of a hardship, for the utility clothes created by Mr. Dalton's department have been one of the biggest successes of wartime planning and offer more for the money than Britishers in the conventional modest circumstances could ever have hoped for in peacetime. The only opposition to the postwar program has been the dangerously powerful one of the Beaverbrook press, which has unexpectedly begun a campaign for the end of all rationing and control as soon as the war is over, with trouser cuffs for returning heroes and unlimited buttons and pockets for the women coming back from the factories.

Meanwhile, however, the immediate prospect for Britons is a shabbier one. Children's clothing is more than ever the worst problem, since the youngsters' original basic wardrobes have now worn very thin indeed. Harassed parents have especially implored Mr. Dalton to release more children's shoes, of which there is a great dearth. One solution of this problem may be an extension of the activities of the admirable clothing exchanges already being successfully run in many districts by the Women's Voluntary Services. These exchanges accept children's outgrown clothes and give in return a voucher worth a certain number of points, with which mothers can buy larger garments from the W.V.S. stock. This works fine for little girls but not so well for their brothers. When a little boy has grown out of his pants, the ladies say, they're usually in no shape to be handed on to anyone.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THE INDIAN NEWS
Charles R. Low Cloud

We have snow last Monday night, and cold too.

The Indians held meeting last week, or worshiped in God. This was old Indian custom to pray for prepare another year coming and working for our daily life and specially for our Indians boys in the army. This is not new any thing to our Winnebago tribe. They had been doing all these things before white people came this country. This was when used to free country, today is democrat running this country.
—*Black River Falls (Wis.) Banner Journal.*

Stick to the news, Low Cloud!

Helen Berry Morris

If *You* lived in Portland

you'd read

Afternoon newspapers on the Pacific Coast get a "break" in the news. Regardless of where or when a battle is fought, official communiques are released during government business hours. When The Journal goes to press it's mid-afternoon in Portland, day is done in Washington, it's past six in New York and midnight or after in most of the rest of the world. Thus The Journal brings readers the news the day it happens.

THE JOURNAL is the favorite newspaper of the entire Portland Trading Zone. Why? Because its balanced presentation of news and features appeals to more people . . . because it makes the most of the natural time advantage enjoyed only by afternoon newspapers on the Pacific Coast. Thus, The Journal today enjoys the largest circulation in its history—151,888 total net paid daily circulation—average for 6 months ending March 31, 1943. (Last 3 months average 156,764.)

Today 717,588 individuals live in the 8 counties which comprise the Portland Trading Zone. Here the average monthly industrial payroll exceeds 48 million dollars. And here The Journal reaches 119,676 families—21,993 more daily circulation in this area than any other newspaper. As it has been for years, The Journal is the *preferred* newspaper in the Portland Area.

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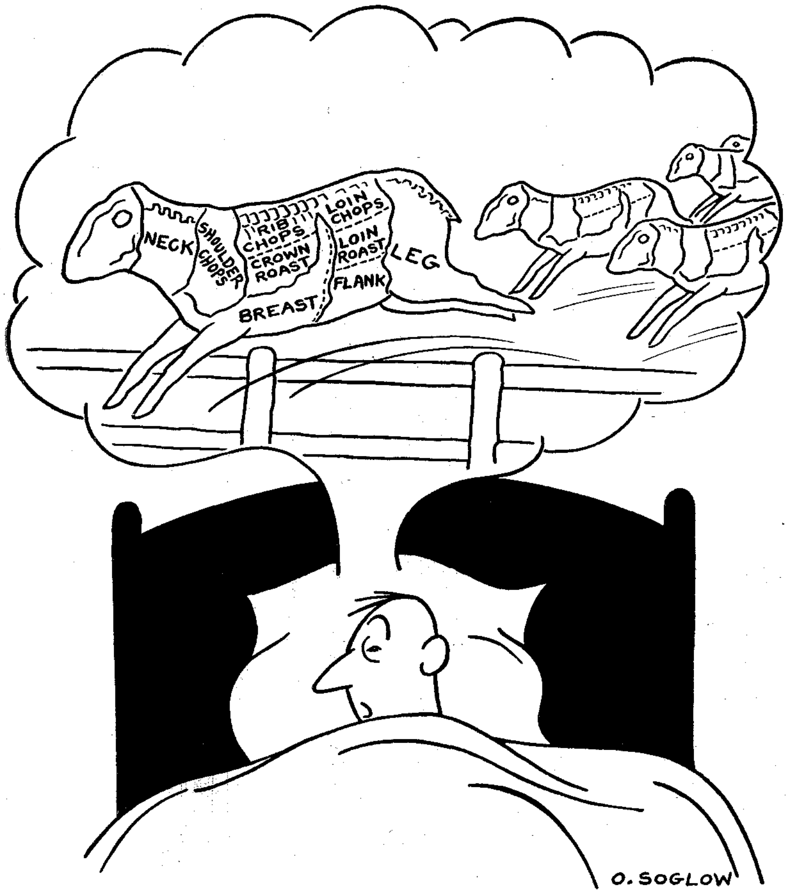
BOOKS

In Harm's Way

ON the morning of April 21, 1942, along the outskirts of a village in Chekiang Province, a company of Chinese infantrymen in fresh khaki stood at attention as five American men were borne past them in sedan chairs. The Chinese saluted, and those of the Americans who could returned the salute.

The five men, all injured, were the Army Air Forces crew of a B-25 bomber named the Ruptured Duck. Three days before, with the crews of fifteen other B-25's commanded by Major General Doolittle, they had taken off from the bucking deck of the carrier Hornet and delivered the mail to Japan. In a new book, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," the pilot of the Ruptured Duck, Captain Ted W. Lawson, with an assist from Robert Considine as editor, tells how they did it and what came before and afterward.

It isn't by any means as well written as some of the other personal-experience records; not as clean and neat, for example, as W. L. White's books, though it gets away from White's moralizing and his implicit sentimentality. However, "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" does give us the plain, faithful color of the thing. The thing itself—the bombing of installations at Tokyo, Nagoya, Yokohama, and the other places—was so bold and handsome and well timed that it probably deserves to rank up along with John Paul Jones's raid on the English port of Whitehaven. If we leave the nature of the enemy out of it, the analogy seems fairly close. The Tokyo visit, in fact, must have been an even handier piece of military destruction, and it fulfilled exactly Jones's other purposes: it was a reprisal, professional rather than terroristic, it shook the enemy in his boots, and it made the people at home feel good.

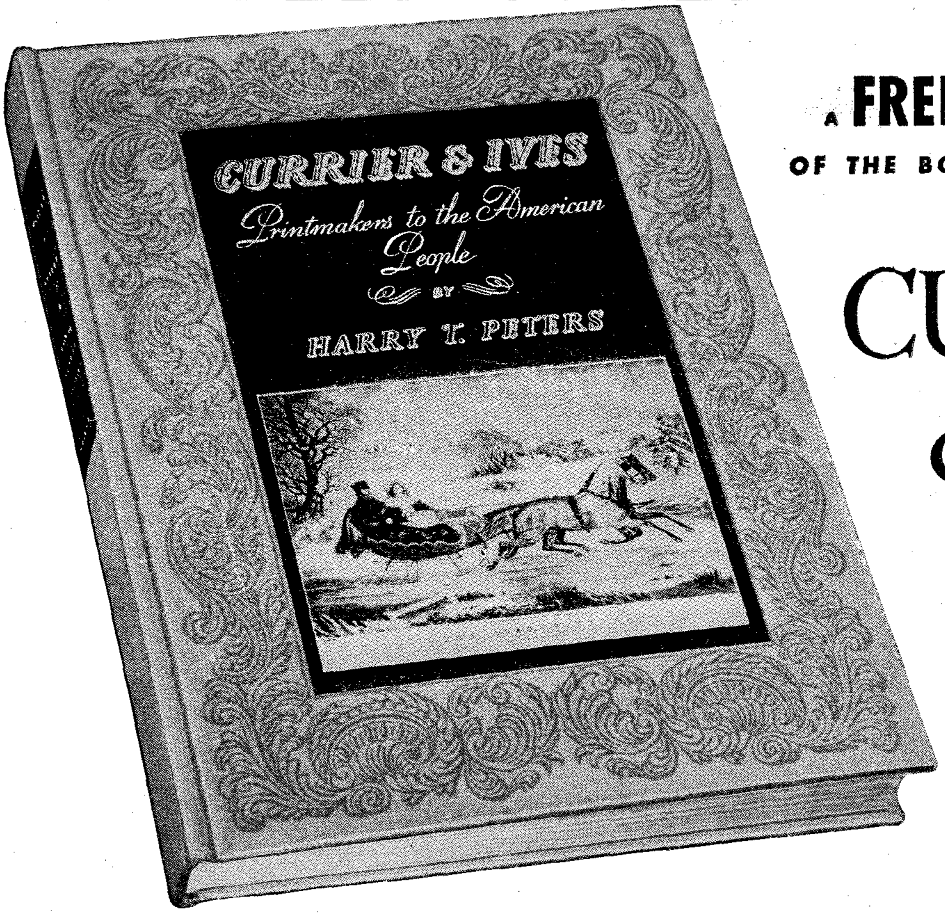


Captain Lawson doesn't go in for much of this sort of rationalizing. He was there and he was busy. He had volunteered, along with all the other men, for a "dangerous, important, and interesting" mission. One morning he lifted the Ruptured Duck off the bow of the Hornet in a South Pacific gale and headed for Tokyo. The country, flatter than he had expected, looked even flatter after he had passed. Late that day the Duck skipped into the sea, at a hundred and ten miles an hour, off the Chinese island of Nantien and the injured crew straggled ashore. Lawson himself was hurt so badly that he later lost a leg. The Chinese guerrillas took charge and, always a step ahead of the Japanese, fed and nursed the Americans and carried them by long stages to the safety of the interior. Captain Lawson remembers them with a gratitude that doesn't have much to do with the expediency of loving our allies. "I had a feeling as I was carried out of the meadow," he writes at one point, "that all of China was reaching out a hand to help us; that in some inscrutable way the word had been passed from heart to heart . . ."

THE carrier Hornet was also for a while the home port of the Navy's most famous squadron of torpedo bombers. Ira Wolfert, the author of a recent and powerful first novel about New York, "Tucker's People," takes up the squadron's crowded history in "Torpedo 8."

The squadron called Torpedo 8 was forced, as you may remember, to run a narrow gantlet of clouds, Zeros, and anti-aircraft fire at the battle of Midway. Two of the squadron's men came back. Lieutenant Swede Larsen, the commanding officer, reformed the squadron with these two, a few members who had been left behind in Hawaii, and some new men, and adopted the motto "Attack and Vengeance." The squadron moved on to Guadalcanal with that motto in mind and shortly began to have about the same effect on the Japanese that pyrethrum has on a bug. They torpedoed everything from carriers to destroyers. They wiped out enemy planes in the air. They took up bombs and laid them on every convenient Japanese. Finally, when their planes were ruined in a night shelling of Henderson Field, they picked up hand grenades and submachine guns and joined the Marines in the jungle. Wolfert tells their story with a rapid, colorful vitality and an intelligent regard for scene and weather, and for the operation of men's minds in battle.

DOOLITTLE'S young men and the personnel of Torpedo 8 would seem to be decidedly proper grandsons for an American figure whose latest biography is published under the imprint of the United States Naval Institute. "John Paul Jones," by Lincoln Lorenz, is very likely the definitive, and certainly the fattest, life of the man who raided Whitehaven. Its 766



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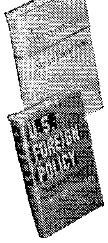

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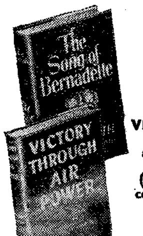

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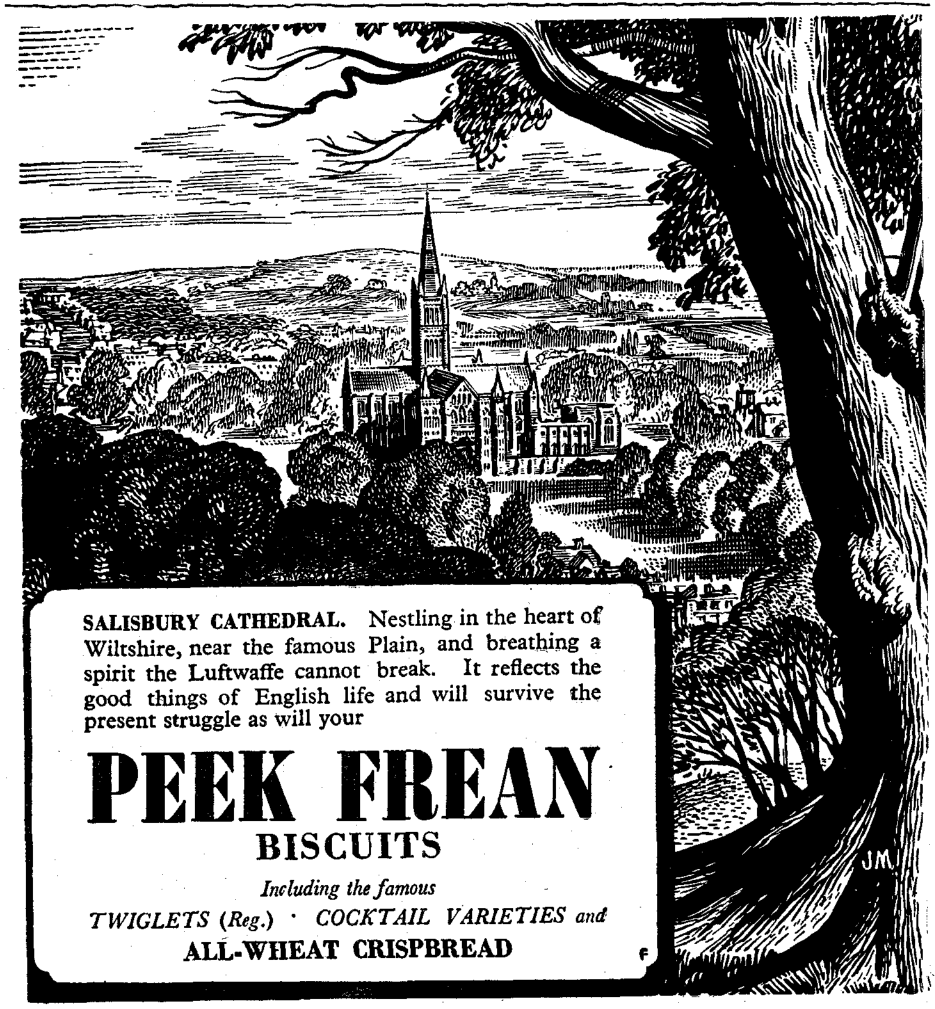

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pages appear to be scholarly, patient in winnowing out the by now thoroughly addled facts, and readable enough, if you don't mind a little starch. There's also a good deal of new material on Jones's Parisian ladies and his troubles with Potemkin, among other things.

It may be that, as a partisan of Jones —and who isn't?—the author has made him out to be more blameless than was necessary. Some of this was perhaps required to correct the romantic-rogue legend about Jones. In spite of all this, his latter-day grandsons, if they get hold of the book (and they should), will be able to feel their kinship with the bantam seaman, tactician, and fighter who said, "I intend to go in harm's way," and did. —VINCENT MCHUGH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OUR DAILY BREAD, by Enrique Gil Gilbert, translated from the Spanish by Dudley Poore. A novel about the coastal lowlands of Ecuador and a party of primitive settlers who move up the Guyas River to cut a rice plantation out of the jungle. A rich and vital book, translated into a strongly rhythmic English that preserves the mobility and sensual color of the original. "Our Daily Bread" received honorable mention in the 1942 Latin American Prize Novel Competition.

SHADOWS AT NOON, by Martin M. Goldsmith. Another try at a subject that is currently a favorite of novelists, if not of readers: the hypothetical bombardment of an American civil population by enemy planes. In this raid on New York no military targets are hit and there isn't much loss of life. The story is that of eight or nine people whose lives are disrupted by the fifteen-minute blitz. The wrecking of the continuity of these lives is neatly portrayed in prose that has a nice bite. Mr. Goldsmith should have left it at that and not been so pat with his implication that falling bombs *always* have an ennobling effect on human behavior.

GENERAL

RESISTANCE AND RECONSTRUCTION, by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Sixty of the Generalissimo's speeches and messages, covering the period between the Japanese attack at the Marco Polo Bridge in 1937 and the signing of the treaties in January, 1943, abolishing extraterritoriality. An authoritative statement of China's

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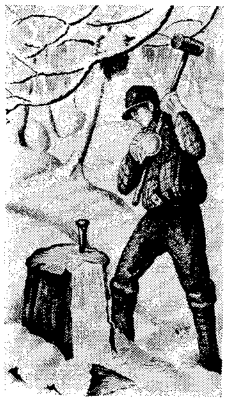
The answer is: now. For BERTHA DAMON'S new book, *A Sense of Humus* (price $2.50), a gay and charming and funny book about people and planting, has just been published. (And you'd be surprised how perilously close it came to being called *Woman With a Hoe.*)

For those city-slicker readers who don't know exactly what a sense of humus is, your correspondents (who only found out themselves the first time they read this book) hasten to explain. BERTHA DAMON says: "To have a sense of humus is to have an appreciation of the past, to realise that to discard the achievements and virtues slowly built up through long periods of human society and to attempt to live solely in this present is like throwing away humus and trying to exist in more or less inorganic hardpan." WEBSTER says: "humus is a valuable constituent of soils."



They split easier on colder days

If the reader's own personal soil is summer sun-baked, war-torn, tax-parched, or just plain tired, BERTHA DAMON'S new book will do much to freshen it up.

The book is a round-by-round account of the author's long battle with the soil of her chill, rocky, but beloved New Hampshire. BERTHA DAMON has emerged from this battle with a full-fledged sense of humus. And the New Hampshire soil has at the very least been made aware that it was in a fight.

Your correspondents have found it necessary to confess that *A Sense of Humus* is not written for any particular kind of person at all—except, perhaps, the kind who enjoys the sort of reading that is punctuated with his own laughter.

For these readers BERTHA DAMON describes the steps by which she came to attain her own sense of humus—not only in horticulture, but in many other branches of culture. "SAMULE," her astounding hired man, plays a large part in the book, in fact, it's practically impossible to shut him up. Guests are discussed and so are weeds, and dogs and frogs and trees and books and seasons and life and death.

In the belief that it's only necessary to give readers a taste of this book to make them want it, your correspondents will herewith quote a few Damonisms much at random:

ON HUMILITY

"Humility, you know, is pride turned inside out and worn that way to attract more attention."

ON RELATIVES

"Uncle John thinks a book is a good coaster for a highball glass."

ON PUPPIES WHO TRAMPLE FLOWERS

"When hail beats the garden flat, we accept it as an act of God. Well, puppies are an act of God, and one of very pleasantest. I believe in a balanced universe: some poppies and some puppies."

Planting peas through a thunderstorm

ON LAZINESS

"I have come to the conclusion that almost no one on earth is lazy. The truth is the man you call lazy doesn't want to do your kind of work; he wants to do his kind."

ON ENTERPRISE

" 'What is the matter with that pretty little bush you planted a few days ago?' a husband of my acquaintance said one day. 'It looks rather discouraged, and it seems a pity to lose it.'

'It needs to have you dig about it and carry a pail of water to it every day for a week. Or else it will die.'

'Good-bye, little bush,' he said without hesitation, and, smiling, took up his book."

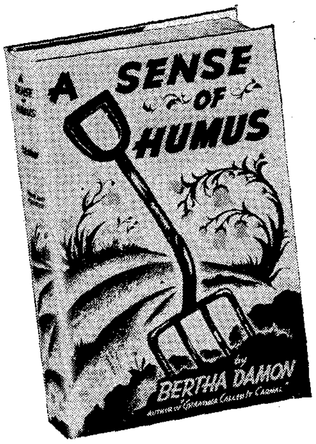
BERTHA DAMON was born in Connecticut. But because she has lived for some time in California, she had to conquer the people of New Hampshire as well as the soil. If any are left unconquered, the wit of *A Sense of Humus* will administer the *coup de grace.*

Your correspondents expect that a great many people are going to share the reaction of JOHN KIERAN, who wrote in to say: "This is a swell book. I enjoyed not only the atmosphere, but the artistry all the way through."

And the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* "Books" review by RICHARDSON WRIGHT says: "As a contribution to our growing ruraliana, *A Sense of Humus* maintains marked distinction from first page to last. It is in the top flight of books on that country living in which so many of us are seeking peace and security and an assurance of life's continuance."

Oh, yes—about the six beautiful full-page color plates by CLARE LEIGHTON which illustrate the book. Two of them are reproduced in very small size in this announcement. Your correspondents hereby state to Whom It may Concern that they just haven't got any extra copies.

—ESSANDESS



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major aims and policies during the war and after it. Practical, sometimes philosophic, and plainly written. New and excellent translations by Dr. Albert French Lutley, Dr. Frank Wilson Price, and Ma Pin-ho.

FALANGE, by Allan Chase. Sensational revelations, including names, dates, and other evidence tending to prove the existence of an Axis organization in the Americas, led by the German General von Faupel and comprising more than a million members, from Patagonia to Canada. Sounds fairly plausible, too.

MERCY IN HELL, by Andrew Geer. The author's experiences with the American Field Service Corps in Bombay, Damascus, the Syrian Desert, the Libyan campaigns, and the final push of the British Eighth Army toward Tunisia. Good material and decently written. Maps and exceptional photographs.

THE CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN, by Henry A. Wallace, selected and edited by Russell Lord. Fifteen of the Vice-President's recent speeches and articles, including "Russia" and "The Price of Free World Victory," from which the book's title is taken. Full texts in some instances; in others, excerpts.

ALL-OUT ARLENE, by H. I. Phillips. Miss Arlene Chrystal Applegate of Montague Street, which is in Brooklyn, joins the Waacs and scuttlebutts back and forth with her friends and relatives in the Waves, the Spars, the Marines (f.), and Brooklyn. Lively stuff, and very informative. Pictures by Herbert Roese.

•

Miss Dorothea Howell, daughter of Mrs. Ernest G. Howell and a popular teacher in the Sixth street school will leave Geneva Sunday for St. Augustine, Florida, where she expects to be married next Tuesday to Mr. Percy Edwin Williams.

Mr. Williams and his bride expect to be at home, after August first, in Davenport, Fla.

The assembly line is the spectacular feature of mass production, but the blue-print room is where the brains of the enterprise function.

Flag Day next Monday, June 14.—*Geneva (Ill.) Republican.*

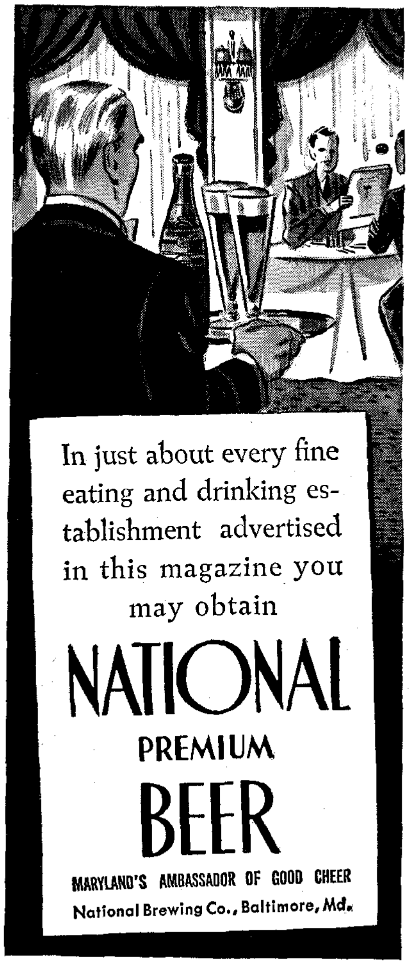
Busy times, these.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a letter from a beauty salon in Radburn, N. J.*]

If you don't think that the wrong hair-dress can hide your beauty, come in and let us prove it to you.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Selective Dinners (NO COVER)
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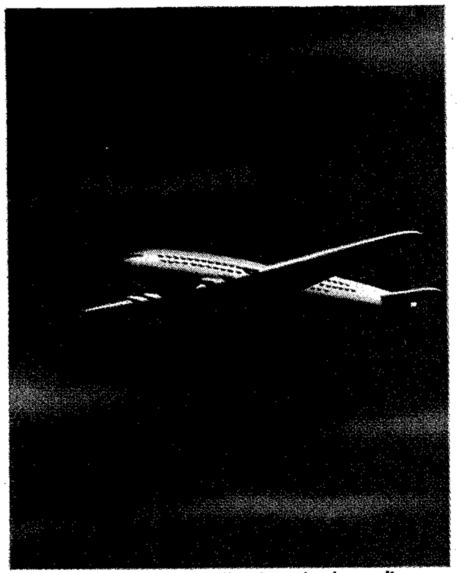
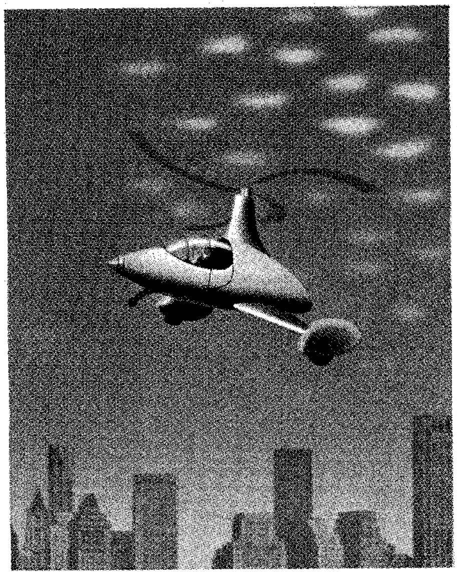
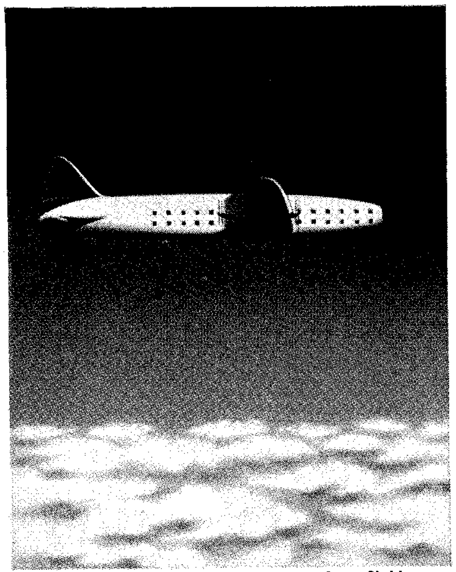


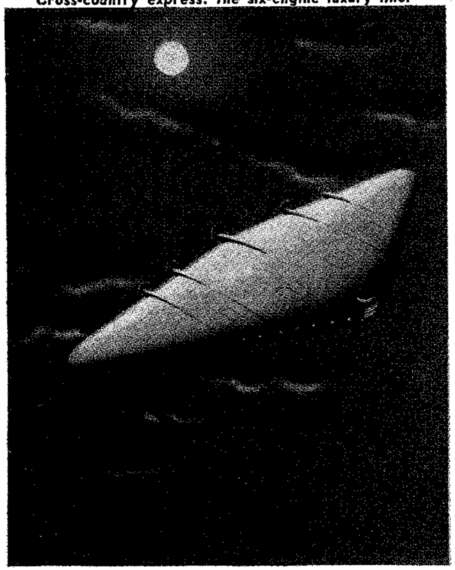
Cross-country express: the six-engine luxury liner



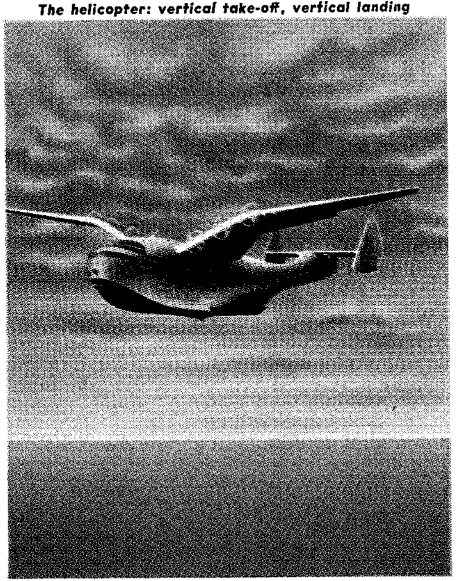
The helicopter: vertical take-off, vertical landing



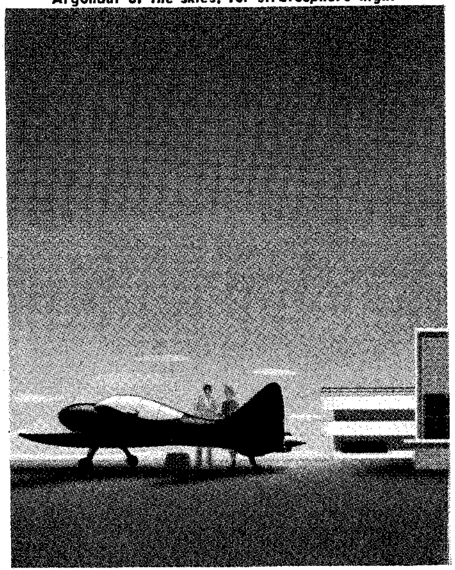
Argonaut of the skies, for stratosphere flight



Sky freighter: the Flying Wing as cargo ship



Flying Boat: New York to London, on the hour



Daily local: private plane for tomorrow's commuter

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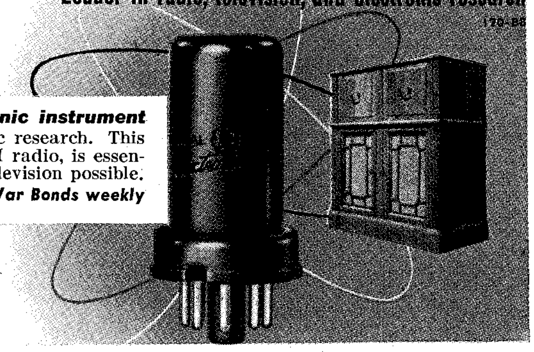

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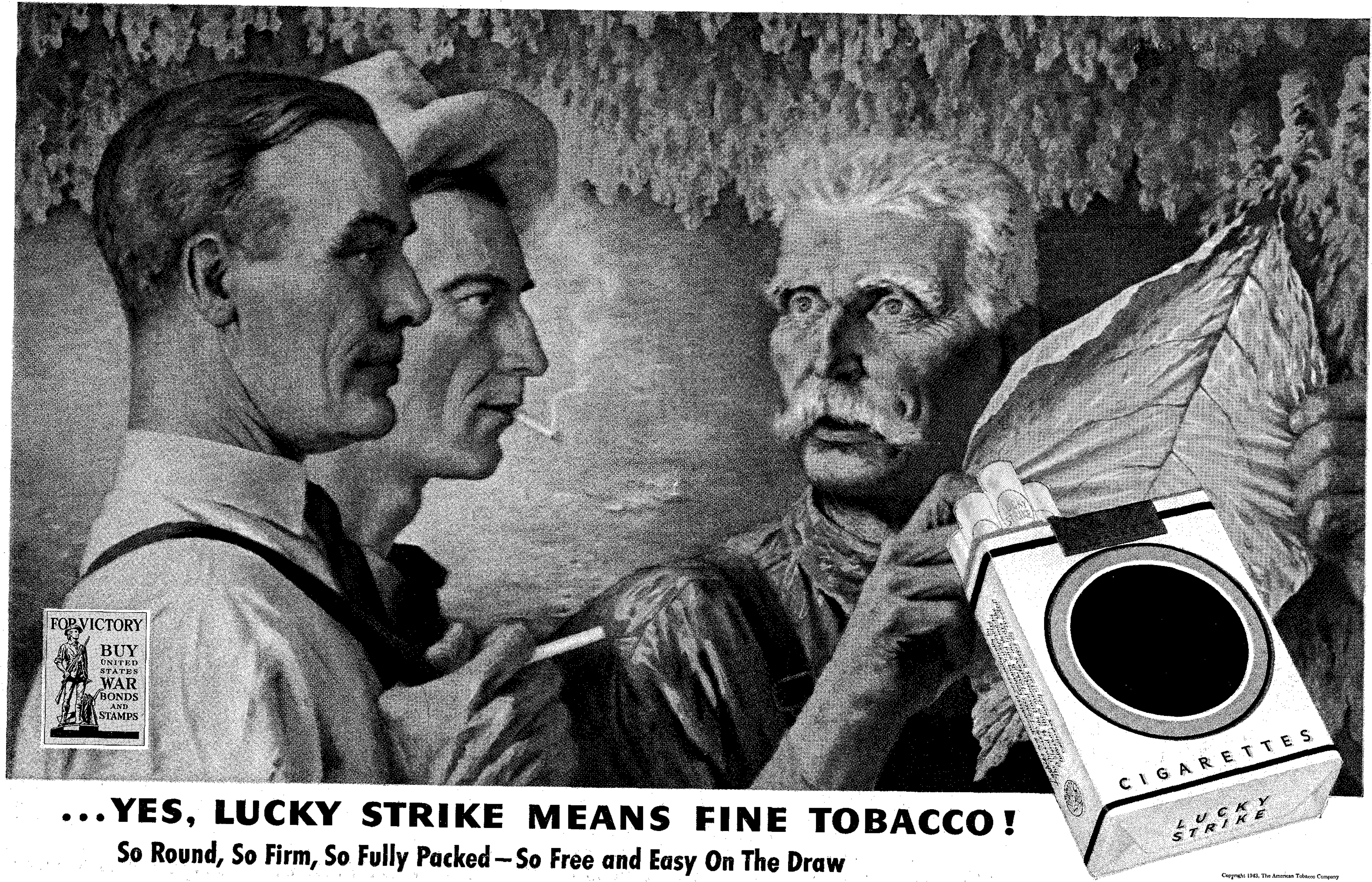
"Tobacco Talk." Painted from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin



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